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THE CRITIC

AND LITERARY WORLD

NOVEMBER 1905

The Popularity of Bernard Shaw

By LIONEL STRACHEY

(Illustrated)

New Orleans in Fiction

By W. S. HARWOOD

(Illustrated)

Mr. Sothern as a Producer

By ELIZABETH McCracken

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SIR HENRY IRVING AS DANTE

Drawn from life for THE CRITIC by Kate Rogers Nowell

Sir Henry Irving, the leading actor of his day, died after the play, Tennyson's "Becket," on the night of October 13th, in Bradford, England

THE CRITIC

Vol. XLVII

NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 5

The Lounger

MR. BERNARD SHAW is without doubt the best-advertised writer of the present day. There was a time when Mr. Kipling held this position, but it was not Mr. Kipling's fault; others did the booming for him. Mr. Shaw does his own booming. If he had not been a writer of plays he would have been an incomparable advance agent for a theatrical show. He knows the trick for attracting public attention, and he does not scruple to work it for all it is worth. To be perfectly fair to Mr. Shaw, however, his latest boom is not altogether of his own making. Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick, chief of the circulation department of the New York Free Lending Libraries, is the guilty man. It was not Mr. Bostwick's intention to advertise Mr. Shaw when he decided that "Man and Superman" was not just the book for the library readers—that is, for the young people who borrow from the library shelves. When Mr. Bostwick said that "Man and Superman" was a dangerous book for the young readers of the East Side, he laid himself open to sarcastic remarks on the part of editorial writers. In the first place, I doubt if there is a boy or girl on the east or even the west side, or the north or the south side of this city, who would borrow a book from the library with such a title

as "Man and Superman." If by any chance the book should be taken out by one of these youngsters he would not read more than a page of it before throwing it aside. That he would use Mr. Shaw's whimsical arguments to defend himself from the clutches of the law if he should happen to be clutched, is an irresistibly funny statement. It does not seem possible that Mr. Bostwick could have made it seriously. He was probably trying to be as amusing as Mr. Shaw himself, and in a thoroughly Shawesque manner.

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As soon as Mr. Shaw heard that his play was denied the privileges of the New York Free Lending Library he saw his opportunity and cabled a column or more in answer to the New York Times's request. In this reply Mr. Shaw allowed his rage to interfere with his wit. He might have been very amusing, instead of which he was only abusive. He could have impaled Mr. Bostwick on the point of his pen and cavorted generally at the expense of American prudery so-called; but he made the mistake of losing his temper. In the course of his letter Mr. Shaw says:

If I had the misfortune to be a citizen of the United States, I should probably have my property



Photo by Vander Weyde

MR. HALL CAINE AND HIS SON DERWENT

confiscated by some postal official and be myself imprisoned as a writer of "obscene" literature. But as I live in a comparatively free country, and my word goes farther than that of mere officialdom, these things do not matter.

One does not look to Mr. Shaw for accuracy in his statements; otherwise one might be surprised that a subject of the British Crown should find Great Britain a free country so far as dramatic literature goes. The stage has much more freedom in this country. We have no censor, as England has, who reads every play before it is performed, and says what may or may not be acted; who permits "Zaza" and "Sapho" and condemns "Monna Vanna"; who out-Comstocks Comstock in the extraordinary inconsistencies of his judgments. No, Mr. Shaw failed to score when he made this remark about the freedom of the London stage.

Nevertheless Mr. Shaw's letter is good advertising, particularly for his forthcoming play, "Major Barbara," by the side of which he says that "Man and Superman" is the merest Sunday-school tract. If this be true, and Mr. Shaw ought to know, there will be some pretty broad lines in the new play. There are some lines in "Man and Superman" that should not be spoken on any stage.

They are not only spoken on the stage of the Hudson Theatre, but they are uproariously laughed at—not only laughed at but boldly applauded. In my humble opinion Mr. Shaw is much more likely to corrupt the morals of adult theatre-goers in America than of the youth of the East Side; and I do not regard myself as a Puritan in questions of literature either.

A much unkindlier cut than any that Mr. Shaw has received is from the generally abused Mr. Anthony Comstock, who, when a *Times* reporter interviewed him about Mr. Shaw's letter, exclaimed: "Shaw? I never heard of him in my life; never saw one of his books; so he can't be much."

Mr. Hall Caine denies that he is going to write a novel about the American millionaire, though at the same time he thinks the subject an attractive one. It must, however, be written of by a person who knows it better, he thinks. If I remember rightly, Mr. Caine has written novels on subjects that he could not very well know any better than he might know that of the American millionaire, with the opportunities that he has had of studying him during his many visits to this country.



Photo by Pennell

MISS AMANDA T. JONES
(See page 412)

Mr. Caine is over here now and has two of his sons with him, the younger of whom is to be seen in the accompanying photograph, taken a day or two after his arrival in New York.



MR. GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

The death is just announced of George MacDonald, the Scotch clergyman and novelist, at the age of eighty-one. For a number of years past Dr. MacDonald has been an invalid, and for the last year or two has not been able to recognize his friends or family. In 1872 Dr. MacDonald visited this country with his wife and eldest son, Greville MacDonald, who is now one of the leading, if not the leading, throat specialist in London. When Dr. MacDonald visited this country he came to lecture and he was most suc-

cessful. It was not only as a lecturer that people were enthusiastic about him, but as a novelist. His best-known novel, "Robert Falconer," had just run its course through the original *Scribner's Magazine*. It was a beautiful story, full of sentiment, full of poetry, and true to Scottish life as Dr. MacDonald, who was a good deal of an idealist, saw it.

Dr. MacDonald had a large family, and when he gave a performance of "Pilgrim's Progress" in England only his own children, besides himself and wife, were in the cast. George MacDonald was an unusual man. Writers are very often disappointing, but there was nothing disappointing about him. He was fine in every fibre of his body, with a heart large enough for a dozen ordinary men. The present generation knows very little about him, but those who remember his visit to this country, who have read his novels, will never forget him. Dr. MacDonald was never over-anxious for long life. "How strange this fear of death is!" he once remarked to an eminent preacher who had spoken with sorrow of his advancing years. "Yet we are never frightened at a sunset!"



On the shore of Lake George, some four miles from the Fort William Henry Hotel, is a pine grove, covering the hillside and shading a cottage close by the water's edge, which is the summer home of Mr. George Cary Eggleston, who has just completed his story-history of the life, manners, and customs of our forefathers called "A Little History of Colonial Life," of which the second and concluding volume is, "Life in the 18th Century." Near by in the opening is a stone building containing the historical library of his brother, the late Edward Eggleston, whose former summer home is near at hand. For several months of the year Mr. Eggleston escapes from the din of New York to vary his literary occupations by rowing and fishing pickerel in the lake and tramping through the woods. Novelist, historian, writer of juvenile books, and journalist, Mr.



Photo by A. Gentle, San Francisco.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Who with Mr. Sothern is playing a successful engagement in Shakespearian plays at the Knickerbocker Theatre



Photo by Sarony

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN IN "ZIRA"

Eggleston's life has been an unusually crowded one. He was a soldier in the Confederate army and went through the most active service in the war. Afterward he studied law, and was engaged in business enterprises in the Middle West.



Miss Margaret Anglin has at last come into her own. She might have a better medium for the display of her fine qualities than "Zira," but at the same time she shows in this play what she can do. I have always believed that Miss Anglin would win out, and I am glad that my belief is sustained by the theatre-going public. Mr. Henry Miller is to be congratulated on his first appearance as a Broadway manager; not only upon his "star" but also upon his excellent company.



Jessie B. Rittenhouse, author of "The Younger American Poets," which Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. publish, though now a resident of Michigan, was formerly a Western New York girl, and was educated at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, near Rochester, of that State. After two or three years spent in teaching Latin and English in private schools in the West, she returned to Rochester and became associated for a short time with the reportorial staff of the *Democrat and Chronicle* of that city, later becoming a correspondent of the *Buffalo Express*, *Buffalo Courier*, and other papers, and wrote book-reviews for several journals.

In 1899 she went to Boston, which has since been her winter home, and edited during that season her three-version edition of "Omar Khayyam," containing the renderings of FitzGerald, Whinfield, and McCarthy. Her new book, "The Younger American Poets," covers a hitherto unoccupied field. It is a volume of literary criticism pure and simple, without any attempt at personal gossip, but biographical data are supplied in brief notes at the end of the book.



We are not only going to have a

visit from Mrs. Humphry Ward during the coming winter, but we are also to have one from Miss May Sinclair, the author of "The Divine Fire." If all the admirers of "The Divine Fire"



Photo by Johnson, Cheboygan

MISS JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

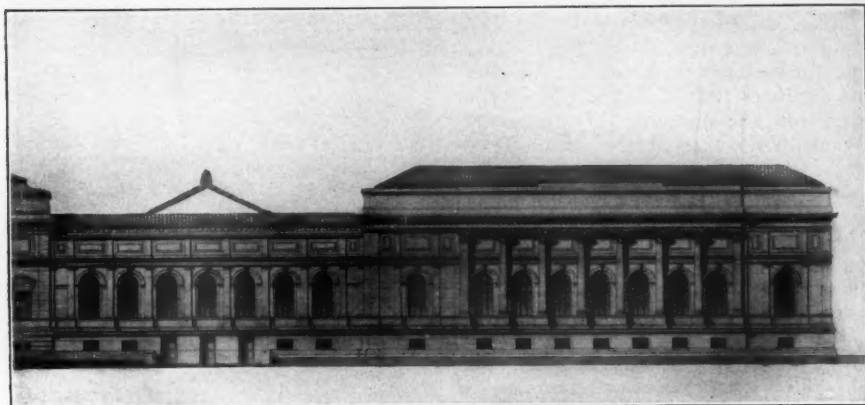
turn out to greet Miss Sinclair she will have an ovation. Few books have made such a profound impression as that book upon the American reader. I do not know how it has been received in England, but over here it has made a veritable sensation. Whether Miss Sinclair will ever write another book with the qualities of this who shall say? It seems that it would be almost impossible for her to do so, for the knowledge of a lifetime is crammed into the several hundred pages of this story. It

is unfair, however, to discount anything that Miss Sinclair may yet do, and as she is not a writer to take advantage of her popularity by rushing into print while her market is "bullish" there is every reason to feel sanguine of her future.

placing a woman in official Harvard positions. Mrs. Fleming now has sixteen assistants.

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The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts will soon have a sizable addi-



THE DESIGN FOR THE NEW WING OF THE METROPOLITAN ART MUSEUM

By McKim, Mead, & White

Here is an interesting picture of an interesting woman — Mrs. Williamina Palton Fleming. To this lady is due the honor of having discovered Nova, a new star. Mrs. Fleming, the only woman whose name has ever appeared in the Harvard catalogue, was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1857. She is the daughter of Mary (Walker) and Robert Stevens. Mrs. Fleming's childhood was passed and her education received in Dundee. Later she taught for five years in the public schools of Broughty Ferry, a town which adjoins Dundee.

It was during the experimental period of the new astronomy that Mrs. Fleming came to Harvard Observatory. She had been in America barely a year. Four women assistants besides Mrs. Fleming were then employed. For two years the latter spent only a few hours a day at the observatory, but in 1881 her position there became permanent. In 1897 the Harvard corporation appointed Mrs. Fleming curator of astronomical photographs, thereby, we are told, breaking a rule of nearly two centuries' standing with regard to

tion to its gallery, for plans for the new \$400,000-wing were recently completed by McKim, Mead, & White. The present quarters have long been far too cramped for proper exhibition purposes. Especially this is true in the galleries devoted to Greek and Roman sculpture, where a truly exceptional collection of casts has been crowded into a series of badly lit halls. It is to be hoped that, now that opportunity offers, adequate provision will be made for the proper setting forth of these masterpieces. Very little contributes so much to the development of the artistic mind. There should be a full appreciation of their greatness, and an end to the miserable disposition of them that now prevails here and in many of the galleries of the world. The trustees have sufficient funds to complete the whole north annex. They will divide the work into two sections, and when the erection has been finished in 1908 they will apply to the Legislature for a further appropriation. The present annex, two and one-half stories high, will be built on three sides of large



Photo by Vander Weyde

MRS. WILLIAMINA PALTON FLEMING
The discoverer of a new star.



Photo by Elliott and Fry, London

MR. E. V. LUCAS

Author of "The Life of Lamb" and "Wanderings in Holland"

courts open to the east and west. The façade of ornamental brick and limestone should harmonize well with the existing structure. A lecture-hall two and a half stories high with a dome ceiling will stand at the western end, while the rest of the space will be devoted to exhibition purposes. The original central structure, facing Fifth Avenue, was designed by the late R. M. Hunt. The architectural commission has fallen to Mr. Charles F. McKim instead of the Hunt Brothers, the sons of the first designer.



Mr. E. V. Lucas is very much to the fore at the present time. His life of Lamb, upon which he has been working for many years, is just ready; also a delightful book which he calls "A Wanderer in Holland." Mr. Lucas is one of England's wittiest writers. At the same time he is a scholar and a delver among books. He thinks noth-

For the first time in many years the medal struck on the inauguration of each successive President has been designed by a sculptor of established reputation. Last spring when the subject was brought to the President's attention he made a personal effort to have the commission placed where a truly satisfactory result could be attained, and requested Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens to fill the commission. The sculptor pleaded that he was already overcrowded with work, but promised to take charge of the medal on condition that he was not to execute it personally, though he would be responsible for its composition and arrangement and artistic completion. In accordance with this plan Mr. Adolph Weinman, a young sculptor of unusual merit, collaborated with Mr. Saint-Gaudens, modelling the relief with great charm, according to the conception of the elder sculptor and under his constant advisement and



THE DESIGN FOR THE ROOSEVELT INAUGURAL MEDAL
By Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens and Mr. Adolph Weinman

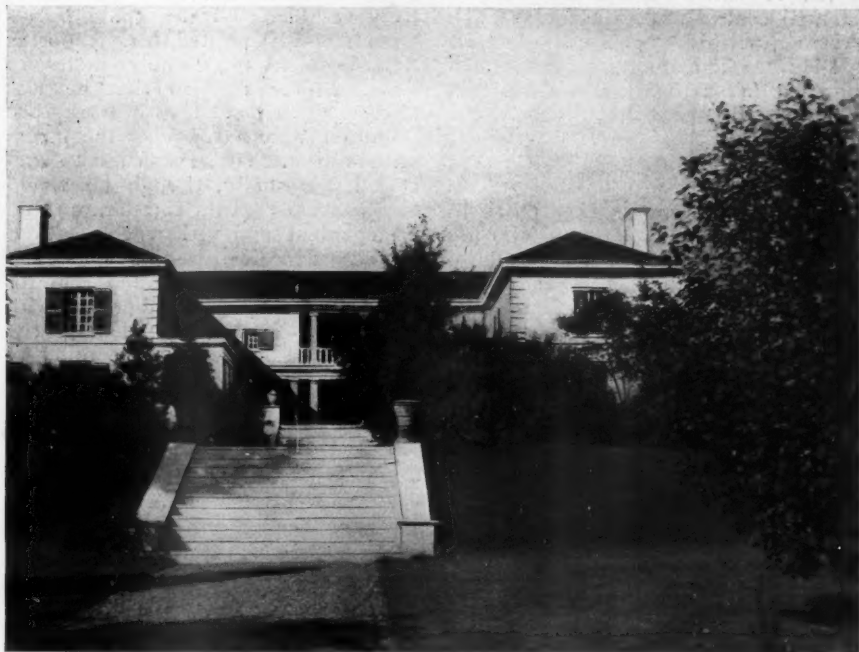
ing of writing so important a work as the definitive life of Charles Lamb, and at the same time tossing off such a light and airy production as "Wisdom While You Wait." I am pleased to have this opportunity of showing the readers of THE CRITIC what manner of man Mr. Lucas is.

modification. Mr. Weinman has proved himself exceptional in being able to carry out another man's ideas so generously and completely. His ability in this and other work has placed him among the first half-dozen sculptors in the country. We may again be grateful to the President that now we do

not have to hide our faces when at least one of the American coins or medals is seen.

Mr. Norman Hapgood's quixotic literary tilts at Colonel Mann's social

education was being carried on to give the American readers and advertisers in *Town Topics* an uncolored view of the sheet they patronize, of its modes of influence, and of its proprietor. About this time Judge Deuel became involved in the farrago, and Mr. Hapgood ac-



MR. NORMAN HAPGOOD'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE IN WINDSOR, VERMONT

windmill have resulted in a more than usually virulent journalistic convulsion. About a year ago *Collier's Weekly* made its first charge on *Town Topics* as part of its general duty, though specifically in defence of insinuations that the "Society" paper had published against Miss Alice Roosevelt. Developments in the spring brought the matter up again, with a resulting caustic editorial, wherein Mr. Hapgood made statements concerning Colonel Mann's character and becoming associates which, if untrue, were certainly libellous. Colonel Mann notified the American News Company of his intent to sue. *Collier's Weekly* assumed the responsibility and added that the crusade of

cordingly portrayed him with his most vivid style as second in command. Colonel Mann then sued the paper for \$100,000 injury to his reputation, and *Town Topics* brought a similar action based on injury to its circulation and advertising. To cap the climax Judge Deuel had Mr. Hapgood arrested on charge of criminal libel. That venturesome editor is now out on bail, and as the case will hardly reach trial for some time he continues to add verbal fat to the fire. Why, after all, these attacks upon Colonel Mann and his paper? Are not the so-called decent people who read it and thereby make its existence possible the culpable ones? Emphatically yes, they are.



Photo by L. C. Smith, London

MR. NORMAN HAPGOOD



MR. WALLACE IRWIN
See page 406

After the Copley Society of Boston had successfully disposed of collections of masterpieces by Sargent, Whistler, and Monet, it was felt that nothing worthy of past achievements could be left for future displays. However, the latest "Summer Exhibition of Works by American Artists" proves that there is enough local talent in Boston alone to make such fears groundless, for the pictures by painters of the calibre of Tarbell, Hallowell, Lockwood, Hale, Warren, Benson, and De Camp would excite admiration in any circumstances. The centre of attraction, Tarbell's "Girl Crocheting," in the main gallery, revealed the artist's power to develop in unexpected directions. Such an unpretentious little canvas is hardly calculated to charm attention in the thick of an exhibition, but rather to refresh the eye in the intimacy of some home-like living-room. It represents a peaceful interior of modest dimensions, such as Terburg or Chardin loved to paint, where a girl sits beside an old-fashioned mahogany table and bends silently over her work. On the wall, fading into the mellow background, hang copies of a portrait by Velasquez and two or three Japanese prints. An undertone of sparkling vitality and brilliant atmospheric effect that characterizes all of the painter's work infiltrates the subdued color scheme. The drawing and values are delightfully executed. The composition, though apparently simple, shows study. And above all the sentiment is not only true but lovable. Mr. Tarbell's work will hold its own as a human document and as the right expression of a thorough and original sense of beauty. Next in order of interest, near the entrance of the gallery, hung a strikingly interesting head of a woman adroitly painted by Miss Hazleton, a former pupil of Tarbell. Then there followed several of Lockwood's compositions, likenesses by Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Perry, and numerous landscapes by Euneking and Blarney. In the water-color room much might be said of Hallowell's interesting choice of virile subjects, of Miss Hill's jewel-like miniatures, and of Warren's fresh New England hillsides. There

are also decorative pastels by Mrs. Eastlake and Mrs. Woodbury, showing their fondness for quaint Dutch children, and an interesting portrait of a red-headed woman in a red dress by Macomber.



While the "Girl Crocheting" was in the New York Exhibition last spring a gentleman of unusual prominence as a manufacturer of machinery noticed the canvas and inquired the price of it from the dealer who stood before it.

"Two thousand five hundred dollars," was the reply.

"Yes, it is a very fine picture, but that is a good deal of a price," admitted the manufacturer. "Could n't we hit on something a trifle lower?"

Just then Mr. Bela Pratt, an instructor of sculpture in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts walked into the room. He also turned to the dealer: "I have been wanting that piece for a long time. What is your price?" he is reported to have said.

"Two thousand five hundred dollars."

"I will take it!" exclaimed Mr. Pratt.



Mr. Enos Knight, of Los Angeles, California, sent me this interesting anecdote of Mr. Harte:

The call of some literary friends to aid the daughter of Bret Harte brings to my mind a talk with the late Mrs. Fremont over that author's early money troubles. When the Fremonts were living in their beautiful San Francisco home, famous "Black Point," which Starr King christened "the lodge of the Golden Gate," Bret Harte was a constant visitor, coming often on Sundays and going over his manuscripts with Mrs. Fremont. On one occasion he was much cast down over his prospects in San Francisco, and expressed his determination to go to Oregon and try his luck at newspaper work there. The very next day Mrs. Fremont handed him an appointment which she had obtained for him in the surveyor-general's office, which not only solved the problem of daily bread for several years, but brought him into literary favor when he had least expected it.

After his "rescue," as he called it, he one day sent Mrs. Fremont this message:

"I shall no longer disquiet myself about changes in residence or anything else, for I believe that, if I were cast upon a desolate island, a savage would come to me next morning and hand me a three-cornered note to say that I had been appointed governor, at Mrs. Fremont's request, at a salary of \$2400 a year!"

How much \$2400 a year seemed to him then—how little a few years later!

It is a sad commentary on the uncertainty of literature as a profession that Bret Harte's daughter should be an object of charity. This may be a harsh way of putting it, but, after all, when a woman is in such straitened circumstances that the public is asked to contribute for her support, charity is the only word to use. Bret Harte made a good deal of money when he first came into public notice,—a good deal for those days, but not a great deal for to-day. I doubt if any of his books ever reached the sales that have been awarded the novels of Mr. Winston Churchill or the sketches of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice; but still if Mr. Harte had been a thrifty man he could have saved enough money to have left his daughter with sufficient means to be above the necessity of public aid. He was paid high prices for his contributions to magazines, but he wrote comparatively little, and he only wrote short stories. Once he wrote a novel—"Gabriel Conroy"—which ran through the pages of the *Century Magazine* to the saddening of those pages. The story had here and there the earmarks of Mr. Harte's genius, but on the whole it was a disappointment. I don't believe that any one realized this more surely than he did, and he never sinned again in this direction.

At the time that his stories were making such a sensation in the pages of the *Overland Monthly*, the late James R. Osgood sent for him to come to Boston and edit *Every Saturday*, which he was about to change from a weekly made up of selections from foreign periodicals to an illustrated weekly newspaper. I believe that the salary

offered Mr. Harte was ten thousand dollars, which was regarded as suicidal on the part of Mr. Osgood, for such salaries were not paid to editors in those days, and very few reach that figure even to-day. Mr. Harte came, he saw, but he did not conquer. He was a writer, not an editor, and *Every Saturday* soon went to that bourne from which no periodical ever returns.

I wonder how many of my readers remember the original *Every Saturday*. It was a small sheet, a little larger, perhaps, than *The Outlook*, and was printed in two wide columns. It was published before the days of international copyright, when an editor could help himself for little or nothing from the pages of the English and Continental periodicals. It was a success from the very first number, and if Mr. Osgood had been content to continue its publication in its original form he would have made more money than he lost in his too ambitious venture.

A life of Bret Harte, written by Mr. Henry W. Boynton for the Contemporary. Men of Letters series, is attracting a good deal of attention in England,—more than it did in this country. Mr. Harte never lost his popularity in England. Personally, and as a writer, he was a great favorite there, and, therefore, the rather critical view of the man and his work that Mr. Boynton takes does not please English readers. Mr. Harte liked England because England liked him. Over here some of the peculiarities of his private life gave offence. In England they were either unknown or disregarded. He told me one day in London that the reason he liked to live over there was that an author counted for more than a publisher. "In America," he said, "it is the publisher who counts socially, and the author is ignored. Over here," he added, "the publisher is not in society, the author is. Authorship here is a profession, if you like; publishing, a trade; and trade is not popular with the British aristocracy." This is the reason that Mr.

Harte gave. There may have been others. That I do not know; but I do know that he was very much beloved in England, and that his stories, comparatively poor as some of them got to be towards the end, never lost their popularity there.



Mr. Clement Shorter, in his literary letter in the London *Sphere*, of which he is the editor, says that Mr. Boynton, when he states that Mr. Harte had "Hebrew blood in his veins," should have known that he "was of very distinctly Jewish origin; that his grandfather was a Jew of the most pronounced type and was highly indignant with his son for having married a Christian woman." If this be true, Mr. Harte either did not know it or did not acknowledge it. I happened to be standing by him one day when he received a letter on the envelope of which his name was spelled "Hart." "I wish people would learn to spell my name," he said, "and give me the 'e' that belongs there; otherwise they make a Jew of me, and Jew I am not." If Mr. Harte's grandfather was a Jew it was rather brazen of him to deny his origin, for one's grandfather is too near an ancestor to be denied.



Three new volumes in the biographical edition of the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson have appeared. They are "The Wrong Box," "St. Ives," and "Complete Poems." "The Wrong Box," it may be remembered, was written by Stevenson in collaboration with his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne; not that Mr. Stevenson needed any literary aid, but the story was written before the days of international copyright, and Mr. Osbourne, being an American citizen, could protect his step-father's work. This is the story as we have generally believed it to be, but Mrs. Stevenson says:

My son, then a lad of nineteen, had passed the winter at Saranac in the enthralling occupation of writing a novel which he intended to call "A Game of Bluff." The story finished, it was read aloud to the family, a few chapters each evening. It seemed

to us all a rather creditable effort for a boy of that age, and my husband remarked that it "would be very easy to put it together and "make it go." It was then that collaboration occurred to him. Here was the chance to earn the money for the yacht cruise.

"A Game of Bluff" now rechristened "The Wrong Box," was overhauled and rewritten in a few weeks, with such high spirits and hilarity that the authors began to take a higher view of its merits than they did in reading it in cold type under other circumstances. My husband found collaboration such an agreeable method of accomplishing work that he afterwards, in Honolulu, when unfit for more serious exertion, took up another unfinished story of his step-son's called "The Pearl Fisher"; but after some half dozen chapters had been sketched out it was dropped in favor of "The Ebb Tide."

If it had not been for this yacht cruise Stevenson would not have found "that haven in Samoa which was the means of prolonging his life and enabling him to give to the world the best work of his maturity." Personally I care less for "The Wrong Box" than anything to which Mr. Stevenson's name is attached. The joke seems to me a poor one, and though there are necessarily the Stevensonian ear-marks in the book it is not up to his standard, nor even up to the standard of "The Ebb Tide," which was also written in collaboration.



"St. Ives" was written in Samoa, and every page of it was dictated, not continuously, but at intervals, in conjunction with "Hermiston." Mr. Stevenson would work on one book until he was tired or his mood changed; then he would take up the other. He told his wife shortly before his death that he meant to rest from both very soon and begin something entirely different—"Sophia Scaret"—with all the principal characters women; the most important man character, an invalid, with whom Sophia Scaret fell in love, would die in an early chapter. "There was a time," Stevenson said to his wife, "when I did not dare to really draw a woman; but I have no fear now. I shall show a little of what I can do in the 'Two Christies,' and in 'Sophia Scaret' the main interest shall

be centred in the woman." He did not tell his wife the plan of the story any further than that the scene was to be laid in Tahiti, Sophia Scaret owning a large plantation which she managed herself.

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Mrs. Stevenson attributes to a "lady journalist" the undoing of her husband's health and strength. On the return voyage to Samoa, after a visit to Sydney, this lady "waylaid him for an interview in a draughty part of the ship, holding him with a monologue until he caught a heavy cold that kept him confined to his cabin until we reached the tropics." Many charges are laid at the doors of interviewers, but this seems to me as serious a one as has ever been made.

22

In England even hobbies are organized. The Anglo-Russian Literary Society, which has among its objects the study of the Russian language and literature and "to take in Russian periodicals and newspapers," publishes its proceedings quarterly with a care that the Royal Society, setting forth the greatest scientific discoveries, might be proud of. The pamphlet for the quarter ending July, 1905, contains some very interesting papers by "eminent hands." The Czar of Russia appears as one of the patrons of the Society, and yet there is much in this pamphlet that would never pass beyond the censor's hands in the autocrat's own domains. Questions of Russian internal administration are discussed with a freedom that would be high treason at least in Russia. If copies of the proceedings are regularly sent to the august patron of the Society it would be curious to know whether or not the censor blots out half the contents with his active ink-pad.

22

The death of Frederick Laurence Knowles is a distinct loss to American letters. Not only was Mr. Knowles a poet of decided gifts, but he was a critic who knew how to get the best out of others. Only thirty-five years of

age he had still his life-work before him, but nevertheless he has left enough good verse to keep his memory green. I quote "Love's Awakening" as a worthy example of his quality:

When Memory was a desert
And Life a dungeon wall,
When Hope became a harlot
That lured me to my fall,
When June had lost its old perfume
And Poetry its glow—
There flashed a sense of wings and bloom—
Of joys that stir and grow!
The thorns became a chaplet
Upon my bleeding brow—
Night fled; the world was sunrise!—
O dearest, it was thou!

My heart was lost to feeling,
I could not weep nor smile,
I had no joy of music,—
Oh, 't was a weary while!
I lived within a sodden trance
That knew nor faith nor fears.
My soul was blind as sightless Chance,
A ghost that mocked the years;
When lo! a gentle whisper,
A kiss upon my brow!
The arms of love were round me!—
O dearest, it was thou.

And though 't is still a marvel,—
The rapture and the wings,—
My heart has learned the wonder
Of love that serves and sings;
Now I can welcome June again,
And watch her roses blow,
Once more I find the world of men
A conflict, not a show.
From worse than death awakened,
Whence came the spell and how?
God's angel must have touched me—
Nay, darling, it was thou!

22

Rev. Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "Indian Fights and Fighters," etc., has returned to the ministry. Recently he accepted a call to fill temporarily the pulpit at Trinity Church, Toledo, O. The vestry urged him to make his tenancy permanent, and he has decided to do so. He will move his family from Flatbush, New York, where he has been living. Dr. Brady will soon be able to tell us about other fights than those of American history.

He is having a lively fight with the Ess Ess Publishing Co. for taking one of his stories published in the *Smart Set* and selling the dramatic rights to Mr. Tim Murphy, an actor. Dr. Brady wants \$25,000 damages. I hope that he may get them.



The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, have recently published an important volume on American history, "Early Western Travels in Illinois: 1818-1821." This comprises four contemporary accounts of the exploration and settlement of the Illinois country, written by Messrs. Thomas Hulme, Richard Flower, and John Woods. These travellers were keen observers of conditions in the Middle West, and their book contains valuable observations on the face of the country, prospects of new towns, early pioneers, and prices and wages. The volume is issued in a limited edition, and will be of undoubted interest to collectors and students of local history. Another important publication of this form is "Early Western Journals: 1748-1765." This volume presents contemporary accounts of the most interesting period of early Pennsylvania history, giving the journals of Conrad Weiser and George Croghan, Indian agents from 1748-1765, and of Post, the Moravian missionary.



There seems to be a revival of interest in Oscar Wilde. The publication of his posthumous book, "De Profundis," has done a good deal to restate him in public opinion, not as a man, perhaps, but as a writer. To meet this increased interest, Messrs. Brentano have just published a volume of Wilde's essays under the general title of "Intentions," in which are included "The Decay of Lying," "Pen, Pencil, and Poison," "The Critic as Artist," and "The Truth of Masks." The best

of these are "The Decay of Lying" and "Pen, Pencil, and Poison." They give us Wilde at his wittiest. I don't remember whether these essays have ever been published in America before, but they were published in England, and it was in an English edition that I first read them. The essay entitled "Pen, Pencil, and Poison" records the strange story of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright who, notwithstanding his birth and gentle training, had a passion for poisoning his friends. When a friend reproached him with the murder of Helen Abercrombie, he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Yes; it was a dreadful thing to do, but she had very thick ankles." I think it was this remark as much as anything that Wainewright ever did that interested Mr. Wilde in his career. There is a paragraph in this essay on Wainewright that in the light of Wilde's subsequent career and end is worth quoting:

The sentence now passed on him was, to a man of his culture, a form of death. The permanence of personality is a very subtle metaphysical problem, and certainly the English law solves the question in an extremely rough-and-ready manner. His crimes seem to have had an important effect upon his art. They gave a strong personality to his style. One can fancy an intense personality being created out of sin. The fact of a man being a poisoner is nothing against his prose. The domestic virtues are not the true basis of art. There is no essential incongruity between crime and culture.



So Edgar Allan Poe is not to be admitted within the sacred precincts of the Hall of Fame! He can stand the omission if the Hall can, but I am inclined to think that it cannot. It would seem to be more of an honor to be out of the Hall of Fame than in it. Certainly out of it an author is in good company, while in it—but one must not be too harsh—a few genuine worthies have been smuggled within the portals.

Wallace Irwin

The Coming of a Humorist

By RANDALL BLACKSHAW

THERE would seem to be some magic about the name of Roosevelt, bringing success to its possessor and luck to all who conjure with it. Of the long list of "Misrepresentative Men," by Captain Harry Graham, late secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, and present secretary to Lord Rosebery, the stanzas on the American President have attracted far more attention than any others. And the signature of Wallace Irwin, though it has appeared in connection with humorous verses on all sorts of subjects in many periodicals of late years, and on the title-pages of four books, is much better known throughout America to-day than it was a few months ago, when "The Ballad of Grizzly Gulch," with its capital illustrations by Kemble, first saw the light in *Collier's Weekly*.

In Mr. Irwin's keen but kindly satire we find a new Mr. Dooley speaking English verse instead of Irish dialect. This is high praise, but not too high; for beneath the verse-maker's delightful drollery there is a foundation of sound sense and right-mindedness that give substantial value to his timely skits. In "Manners and Customs," "The Panama Brook," "Senator Copper's House," "Ellis Island's Problem," etc., he shows plainly enough that the preacher's sober garb would become him quite as well as the motley of the professional jester.

The grandson, on his father's side, of a Scotch farmer, and, on his mother's, of a New England artist, Charles Chauncey Greene, Mr. Irwin was born at Oneida, New York, in 1875, but went with his family to Colorado when only four years old. Leadville, where he lived, was then a booming silver-mining camp of the shaggiest description—a Roaring Camp that lacked only a Bret Harte to make it famous in literature. Cattle-herding for his father left little time for education; so when

the family moved to Denver, he found himself, at fifteen, graded in a public school with children of ten or less. His pride was touched, however, and studying through four grades in a single year, he entered the High School; his father's failure making it necessary to work his way through school as, later on, he worked his way through Stanford University. In the meantime (1895-7) he dabbled in gold-assaying at Cripple Creek, where, when a gang of desperadoes burned the town and instituted a reign of terror, he shouldered a rifle and did duty as a militiaman.

At the University he won prizes as a writer of prose and verse; but when he left Palo Alto—on foot—in 1899, his worldly possessions consisted of a handful of small change and a wardrobe that could have been tied up in a handkerchief. When night overtook him, at the fashionable suburb of Burlingame, he crept into a haystack behind Prince Poniatowsky's house, and slept like a moujik. Arrived at San Francisco, he found a ready market for verse (at five cents per line) in the office of the *News Letter*; and the *Examiner* was so taken with his merits as a poet that it engaged him to write versified introductions to its local stories. So in 1901 he felt warranted in marrying. Shortly afterwards he became editor of the *News Letter*; and in the following year he edited the dying *Overland Monthly*. Then he came to New York, where he has found it less difficult than he expected to support a household by poetry alone—thanks very largely to a close connection with a daily newspaper—the *Globe*.

His first book, "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," copyright, 1901, and published in San Francisco, with an introduction by Gelett Burgess, comprises two dozen sonnets in the slang of the day. It tells a melancholy tale in melancholy terms, for the Hoodlum is cut

out by a drug-clerk, himself unskilled in building the lofty rhyme. Its sale to date has reached 70,000 copies. A year later came "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.," for which not only an introduction but illustrations were furnished by Mr. Burgess. Though by no means devoid of humor, the material is undoubtedly beaten out rather thin in these one hundred and one stanzas. In happier vein is the volume of "Nautical Lays of a Landsman," sympathetically illustrated by Peter Newell, which dates only from last year. Ever since "The Bab Ballads," almost all humorous verse relating to the sea has had a more or less reminiscent flavor; and from this—as in "Captain Pink of the Peppermint"—these lays are not wholly free; and one or two of them seemingly show an indebtedness to "Alice in Wonderland." But most of them are the author's own in inspiration as in execution. The best of all, perhaps, though rather too long for quotation, is "The Sailor's Stovepipe," with its unforgettable lilt. A good grind, not only on sea yarns, but on those unfortunates who don't know what news is when they have it, is "The Tar and the Reporter":

"O sailor coming from a cruise!
I represent the *Daily News*—
What tidings do you bring?"
"O nothing that the like of youse
Would think was anything.

"Our ship was battered in the squalls,
Our crew was et by cannibals,
Our passengers was drowned,
Our Capting sank with piteous calls
And nevermore was found.

"Three months I lived upon a bun
And thus survived, the only one.—
But otherwise we made
A commonplace, eventless run
From Tyre to Adelaide."

Among the flotsam and jetsam still floating around over Mr. Irwin's name, one of the drollest bits is one in which the cannibalism practised in Gumbo Goo, the highway robbery rampant in Somaliland, and the predatory practices

of our customs inspectors are condoned as, in each case,

simply one of the cus—, cus—, cus—,
The customs of the Nation.

"This Fever Called Living," as Poe defined it, is more scientifically described by Mr. Irwin as in Philadelphia a Sleep, in Boston a Chill, and in New York a Spasm,—

In dizzy New York, money-mad with the ticker,
Of getting-rich-quick and of getting-poor-quicker.

Mr. Irwin's happiness at parody is shown in his verses, "The Panama Brook":

I come from haunts of Washington
And make a sudden sally
To rouse the sleepy Isthmian
And bicker through his valley.

Through thirty hills they 'll shovel me,
Through thirty Constitutions,
By thirty millions in Paree,
And thirty revolutions.

Till through the microbe beds I flow
Toward the yellow fever;
For germs may come, and germs may go,
But I go on forever.

And in and out they draw my route,
With here an angry Solon,
And here and there a question mark,
And here and there a Colon.

With here and there a Watterson
To rant of "P. Vanilla,"
And here a Nicaragua gun
From some outraged flotilla.

But still my undug banks I fret
By many a tropic hovel,
And wonder where the deuce they 'll get
The laborers to shovel.

For while my dank miasmas grow
Malaria's saffron fever,
Disease may come, disease may go,—
But I go on forever.

Legitimate sport is derived from the
"palace on Fift' Avenoo" decreed by
"Senator Copper of Tonopah Ditch":

"How," sez the Senator, "can I look proudest?
Build me a house that 'll holler the loudest.
Build it new-fangled,
Scalloped and angled,

Fine, like a weddin'-cake garnished with pills.
 Gents, do yer dooty,—
 Trot out yer beauty,—
 Give me my money's worth: I'll pay the bills."

But, as I have already said, the most popular of Mr. Irwin's satirical skits is "The Ballad of Grizzly Gulch," republished here in full by permission of *Collier's Weekly*:

The rocks are rough, the trail is tough,
 The forest lies before,
 As madly, madly to the hunt
 Rides good King Theodore,
 With woodsmen, plainsmen, journalists,
 And kodaks thirty-four.

The bob-cats howl, the panthers growl,
 "He sure is after us!"
 As by his side lopes Bill, the Guide,
 A wicked-looking cuss—
 "Chee-chee!" the little birds exclaim,
 "Ain't Teddy stren-oo-uss!"

Though dour the climb with slip and slime,
 King Ted he does n't care,
 Till, cracking peanuts on a rock,
 Behold, a Grizzly Bear!
 King Theodore he shows his teeth,
 But he never turns a hair.

"Come hither, Court Photographer,"
 The genial monarch saith,
 "Be quick to snap your picture-trap
 As I do yon Bear to death."
 "Dee-lighted!" cries the smiling Bear,
 As he waits and holds his breath.

Then speaks the Court Biographer,
 And a handy guy is he,
 "First let me wind my biograph,
 That the deed recorded be."
 "A square deal!" saith the patient Bear,
 With ready repartee.

And now doth mighty Theodore
 For slaughter raise his gun;
 A flash, a bang, an ursine roar—
 The dreadful deed is done!
 And now the kodaks thirty-four
 In chorus click as one.

The big brown bruin stricken falls
 And in his juices lies;
 His blood is spent, yet deep content
 Beams from his limpid eyes.
 "Congratulations, dear old pal!"
 He murmurs as he dies.

From Cripple Creek and Soda Springs,
 Gun Gulch and Gunnison,
 A-foot, a-sock, the people flock
 To see that deed of gun;
 And parents bring huge families
 To show what *they* have done.

On the damp corse stands Theodore
 And takes a hand of each,
 As loud and long the happy throng
 Cries "Speech!" again and "Speech!"
 Which pleaseth well King Theodore,
 Whose practice is to preach.

"Good friends," he says, "lead outdoor lives
 And Fame you yet may see—
 Just look at Lincoln, Washington,
 And great Napoleon B.;
 And after that take off your hats
 And you may look at me!"

But as he speaks a Messenger
 Cries, "Sire, a telegraph!"
 The king up takes the wireless screed
 Which he opens fore and aft,
 And reads, "The Venezuelan stew
 Is boiling over.

Taft."

Then straight the good King Theodore
 In anger drops his gun,
 And turns his flashing spectacles
 Toward high-domed Washington.
 "O tush!" he saith beneath his breath,
 "A man can't have no fun!"

Then comes a disappointed wail
 From every rock and tree,
 "Good-by, good-by!" the grizzlies cry,
 And wring their handkerchiefs.
 And a sad bob-cat exclaims, "O drat!
 He never shot at me!"

So backward, backward from the hunt
 The monarch lopes once more.
 The Constitution rides behind,
 And the Big Stick rides before
 (Which was a rule of precedent
 In the reign of Theodore).

This is one of the longest pieces in Mr. Irwin's new book, "At the Sign of the Dollar," which has just appeared, with illustrations by Kemble, under the imprint of Messrs. Fox, Duffield, & Co.

Some Recent Books on Russia*

Reviewed by HENRY JAMES FORMAN

BOOKS on Russia have very naturally been multiplying of late, but of all those recently published none is so striking as Alexander Ular's "Russia From Within." Though not without its faults, it has the conspicuous merits of being clearly and forcefully written and of leaving a series of definite impressions on the mind of the reader. The author has a way of aping Carlyle and Michelet; he also has a way of growing so excited when describing Court intrigues and the abuses of bureaucracy as to become melodramatic. He assumes that with the death of Von Plehve on July 28, 1904, the Russian revolution virtually began—a proposition open to doubt. But at all events he knows his Russia, has a mass of facts, and by his presentation of them he fulfils our desires.

When we read of endless, inhuman oppression, when we hear of a massacre of innocent people such as happened in Petersburg last January, a host of anonymous desires, more or less vindictive, arises within us; M. Ular is gratifying because he forebodes frightful consequences to autocracy and bureaucracy, and he has facts and figures to prove it.

"Materially and morally," he says, "the Russian autocracy is in a state of senile decay which must inevitably terminate in death. It has outlived itself."

Then comes his arraignment of Russia's imperial house, psychologically searching after the manner of Nordau, abounding in hyperbole and tales of intrigue and corruption such as we find not even in the most sensational novels. The horror of it is that it rings true, and no one who knows Russia will find it incredible. M. Ular has the figures of the wholesale stealings by the Grand

Ducal clique of Red Cross funds, of funds raised for the preparation of medicines for the soldiers who were dying in Manchuria, of the wholesale conversion of government moneys torn by the tax collector from a bleeding population. He shows how the vast hordes of bureaucratic officials, parvenus, and opportunists, that sprang up after the liberation of the serfs, simply continue in a thick network the general system of peculation on their respective scales.

But perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that relating to the *régime* of M. Witte, the great economist-statesman of Russia. Up to the elevation of that one-time obscure railway clerk to the administration of Russia's exchequer, the Ministry of Finance was regarded simply as a machine for collecting taxes. Economic principles in government were almost unknown; they were regarded as a menace, the stock in trade of the revolutionary. When Vychnegradski, Minister of Finance, declared to Alexander III. that the people of Russia could be burdened no further the angry Czar, who was bound to have the trans-Siberian railroad built, found in Witte, Vychnegradski's director of the Railway Department, a man ready to his hand. Witte promised to build that road. In addition, however, he had dreams vast as the empire they concerned. He had dreams of pulling Russia out of her semi-Oriental indolence and of making her into a modern State, quick and living with her own inward forces that should come of rapid industrial and commercial development. Nay, more, he must create a capitalist bourgeoisie and an industrial proletariat, all of which the economist rightly deemed the mainstay of a country. Neither the Czar nor the Grand Ducal party desired anything so violent and opposed to their needs, but Witte, great opportunist that he is, saw the chance of becoming an empire builder and he confided his aspirations

*"Russia From Within." By Alexander Ular. Henry Holt & Company. \$1.75 net.

"Russia." By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace. Henry Holt & Company. \$5.00.

"Russia Under the Great Shadow." By Luigi Villari. James Pott & Company. \$3.50 net.

"The Case of Russia: a Composite View." By Alfred Rambaud, Vladimir G. Shklovitch, J. Novicow, Peter Roberts, and Isaac A. Hourwich. Fox, Duffield, & Company. \$1.25 net.

to no one. "Russian, all Russian, that is my dream," he seemed to be saying, like another Cecil Rhodes. And thus Witte became Minister of Finance and proceeded in his task of making Russia economically and industrially great.

But not even Witte could cope with the tremendous odds against him. To create skilled factory hands and artisans from illiterate agricultural laborers out of work proved all but impossible. He was for fostering infant industries: factories started up, iron and steel mills were set going, and the government began a great system of railways to "improve the communications" and incidentally to give the mills encouraging orders. But as soon as government orders dropped off the mills went bankrupt. For there is no home market in Russia. Capital had been borrowed to install a great industrial apparatus, but the average Russian has been so impoverished by taxation that his purchasing power is practically *nil*. The peasant sells his grain for exportation in order that he might meet his taxes—that is, to attract gold to Russia's treasury—and in the meanwhile he is starving. Quoting the confidential reports of the medical service, M. Ular says, "The consumption of bread is habitually some thirty per cent. below the quantity physiologically necessary to preserve the vital force of an adult!"

It is these things, as well as the other and more complicated causes for Witte's failure and final downfall in July, 1903, that the author describes in a frank, luminous manner that deserves high admiration.

"Another of Ular's tirades!" they say with a shrug in Petersburg Court circles when the brilliant French journalist publishes something. But it remains a fact, nevertheless, that M. Ular tries to write the truth and that he generally succeeds.

To be corroborated by an authority like Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, is no small matter, and much of M. Ular's book is so reinforced by the revised edition of the conservative Sir Donald's "Russia." This work, first published in 1877, does for Russia what Bryce's "American Commonwealth" does for

the United States. It is a large and exhaustive treatise on the country, its people, laws, manners, and customs; in brief, it covers a much broader field than M. Ular even thinks of attempting. But it is gratifying to find Sir Donald, in his chapter on "Industrial Progress and the Proletariat" affirming:

M. Plehve could not but have a certain sympathy with those who were forging thunderbolts for the official annihilation of M. Witte. He was too practical a man to imagine that the hands on the dial of economic progress could be set back and a return made to moribund, patriarchal institutions; but he thought that at least the pace might be moderated. The Minister of Finance need not be in such a desperate, reckless hurry. . . .

And yet, M. Witte's *régime*, with all its hurry, its hothouse creation of wealth, was the only ray of light that ever penetrated the economic gloom of Russia, and might still have redounded to the good of the empire had not the machinations of Plehve and the war-party hurled him from his post. Indeed, according to M. Ular, the Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovitch was instrumental in Witte's overthrow because Witte refused to purchase at exorbitant prices wood from the Grand Ducal forest concessions in Corea.

And thus, what with intrigue all about and the Czar's mania for expansion, in spite of Witte's better judgment, Russia was plunged into her costly war. The picture of Russia in war time drawn by Luigi Villari in his book of travel, "Russia Under the Great Shadow," is of a tragic, heart-breaking sombreness. The keynote of it is disaffection. All that concerned the populace was that their kith and kin were being slaughtered and that their last kopek was being wrung from them for the expense. But scarcely a spark of patriotism was anywhere visible. "The war," says the Italian historian, "does not even form an important part of their private conversations, not because they are afraid of spies, for there is no fear of discussing the war as there is, or rather was, of discussing internal airs, but because they do not care." At the beginning there was at

least a faint interest, and merchants subscribed what they could. "But the shameful scandals in the administration of the Red Cross funds, which have lately come to light, so disgusted everybody, that there has been a considerable falling off in the subscriptions."

Everywhere Villari saw the sad derelicts of Witte's economic failure in his struggle against the Oligarchy. "The workmen," he says, "are still to a considerable extent half peasants. . . . Amidst the Oriental surroundings, the general air of carelessness, and the temporary nature of all the buildings, modern factories seem out of place." Signor Villari's book is full of vivid, truthful pictures and shrewd observations. After reciting the list of failures following the industrial crisis of 1899-1902 he remarks, "The real cause of these troubles lies in the exaggerated speed with which it was attempted to establish these industries. Just as it has not proved possible to convert Russia into a civilized nation by Imperial ukase, it has also proved impossible to make of it an industrial country all of a sudden." So much was apparent even to the casual observer. And wherein lies the cause of all this ruin and desolation? Beyond a doubt in the autocracy.

Gibbon has said that a benevolent despotism is the best form of government. The Russian autocracy officially regards itself as such a benevolent despotism and as the very best government Russia could have. At least one philosopher, Nikolay Konstantinovich Leontyeff, has arisen, who defends

"Byzantinism," the basic principle of Russian autocracy, in a lengthy work entitled "The East, Russia, and the Slavs." Mr. Vladimir G. Simkovitch in "The Case of Russia," which consists in a number of monographs on various phases of Russian life and history bound together, gives a scholarly analysis of Leontyeff's philosophy of Byzantinism. One can imagine Mr. Simkovitch, himself an enlightened Russian, laughing bitterly as he culls such flowers as these from Leontyeff:

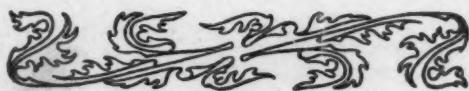
The Russian Czar, by his authority and according to the fundamental laws of the Empire, has the right to do everything except to limit his authority. The Autocrat cannot cease to be an autocrat.

A violent rule is what the true Russian ought to love and the Russian peasant does so; he likes officials that are brilliant, bold, hard, and even harsh.

Russia must be kept frozen that it may not grow putrid. Russia's illiteracy is therefore Russia's good fortune.

These principles, Mr. Simkovitch points out, are the principles of Katkoff, of Pobiedonostseff, of the late Alexander III., in brief, the principles that rule Russia to-day.

Upon the outcome and the inevitable upshot of a *régime* like that all these doctors agree. Whether like Ular, they announce that the revolution has already begun, or predict, as do the more conservative among them, that sooner or later it is bound to come, all are of one accord on this point: the conditions are intolerable and the end of autocracy is in sight.



A Daughter of Ecclesiastes

By EDITH M. THOMAS

IF the designation, "A Daughter of Ecclesiastes," has occurred to us in connection with this remarkable paraphrase* of The Preacher, the designation might well be worn by the author, even had she not, as in the present volume, set her hand to the elaboration, in English verse, of this sonorous Old-Testament text. For, in all her spiritual moods and in all her utterance, there is that which imparts the idea of Hebraic inspiration—as though the prophets of the Old Testament had given their accolade to this solemn-voiced and spiritually impassioned woman-singer of our own times. It would seem that she could not avoid the commission thus given, but that her muse must utter itself in notes of the prophetic, the hortative, and the universal in human experience. That she was herself conscious of this peculiar mission is indicated in various allusions in her verse, as in the following:

Long since, ere the bloom of my youth went by,
The hand of a spirit was on me laid:
"Look now on the sun, nor be dismayed."

It can truly be said that she has looked upon the sun and has been undismayed; for, at intervals, ever since the stormy days of our own great national struggle in the '60's of the last century, as well as during those days, the clear voice of this fearless and fiery-hearted Deborah has been heard and heeded by those who may be reckoned as the jealous custodians of the Gates of Song; even if the reading laity have been but sparsely touched by this true and not uncharacteristic note in the choir of our national singers. It is gratifying to remember that Miss Jones has been greeted and approved in the long-past, and in more recent times, by such eminent fellow-poets as Whittier, Jean Ingelow, Austin Dobson, and R. H. Stoddard. The last-named (than

whom American letters has possessed no more discerning and subtle critic) accorded to the work of Miss Jones a "freshness of feeling, a delicate insight into shadowy and evanescent effects, and the presence of that mysterious something which the world has agreed to call Poetry." We take the liberty of adding the italics; for, in our opinion, it is just this requisite, which is lacking to much clever metrical work of the hour, and which, spite of certain obvious faults in her method, is actually present in very many of the poems in this collection of Miss Jones's latest verse.

Of the long poem, which gives title to the book, it is easily premised that, but for the masterly, genius-lighted revelation, *through Fitzgerald*, of the ancient tent-maker's philosophy of life and death, the present version of The Preacher might never have been made, —in all probability not made in this special quatrain form. But something similar could be affirmed with regard to that work of immortal romance and beauty, "The Eve of St. Agnes." But for "The Faerie Queene," where would have been the Spenserian stanza, so effectively wielded by the younger poet? And—however we might wish that Miss Jones had chosen some other titular word than "Rubáiyát"—we are bound to say that she has set before us, accentuated in grave and stately beauty, the sombre self-communings of the "Son of David, King in Jerusalem." And that she has accomplished her task, with faithful adherence to the text, while abating nothing of that almost *creative*, poetic vigor which all good renditions must have, the reader will be advised, wherever he may turn to the "Scrolls" (as the author terms the divisions of her paraphrase), notably in the following, from "Times and Seasons":

I.

To everything its season: There shall be
A time to every purpose and decree;

*"The Rubáiyát of Solomon." By Amanda T. Jones. Alden Brothers, Publishers, New York.

A time to live, to die, the Preacher saith ;
A time to plant and to pluck up the tree.

II.

A time to kill and to revive the breath,
To heal the stricken heart that sorroweth,
To break down and to build, to suffer pain,
To weep, to laugh, to mourn because of Death.

III.

A time to dance, to gather in the grain ;
Stones to cast down and stones upon the plain
To gather up that kings may there abide ;
A season to embrace and to refrain.

IV.

A time to get, to keep, to cast aside,
To rend the robe, to sew, to walk in pride,
To speak and not to speak, to love, to hate,
To war, to rest in peace well satisfied.

Equally impressive is her rendition of the old tear-gathering, knell-paced utterances of the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, from which we cite the following :

V.

They that love music—yea, her daughters all !—
Shall be brought low ; and also they that fall
Along the way, afraid of what is high.
Fears shall confront and dangers shall appall.

VI.

The almond tree shall flourish nor deny
Its bitter fruit. The grasshopper shall lie
A burden on the breast ; desire shall fail :
Yet he perceiveth not that he must die.

VII.

Because a man, stricken in years and frail
Goeth to his long home, the mourners wail
About the streets and none with them condole.
Against that foe what weapon shall prevail ?

VIII.

That which is broken cannot be made whole.
Turn thou or ever God require thy soul,
Or loose the silver cord that bindeth fast
Spirit with flesh, or break the golden bowl,

IX.

The broken pitcher by the fountain cast,
The wheel beside the cistern : At the last
Dust shall return to earth,—thou to thy goal.
God gave to thee a spirit,—this thou hast.

Although this present volume of her verse reveals less of her felicitous touch in descriptions of landscape, flower, and other natural beauty, we note, in passing, many a "word-jewel," or significant phrasing, that a "nature-poet," so-called, might be glad to transfer to his "garden of verses." For instance, Pansies are—

Chrysalides bursting with fancies more bright
Than great August butterflies basking in light;

and the arc of Iris is thus quickly limned,—"Through seven fair colors laughs the rain,"—while the paradisaal tryst of the Blessed borrows from earth, with the following tenderly reminiscent thought, so characteristic of this poet :

Balsams and mints beneath our feet,
With violets white,
A singing sound where thrushes meet
Shall with the blowing winds make sweet
Our islands of delight.

The stanza we have quoted is one from a group of poems bearing the general designation of "The Hereafter." And we would observe, that it is altogether in keeping with the rapt, devotional character of her muse, that Miss Jones should often recur to themes bearing upon the life after death. Indeed, she has claimed for her work, as one of its most vital elements (we quote her own words), "a certitude of heart, which prompts to songs of the hereafter." Nothing more expressive of such "certitude of heart," such reality of projected vision, shall we find in recent song, than her delicate, happy, spontaneous imaginings as to the awaking of the soul in another world :

AT FIRST.

I.

If I should fall asleep one day,
All over-worn,
And should my spirit from the clay
Go dreaming out the Heavenward way,
Or thence be softly borne,—

II.

I pray you angels do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem oft rehearsed :
" Behold, the bonds of death are burst !"
Lest I should faint with fear.

III.

But let some happy bird at hand
The silence break :
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,
And sigh myself awake.

IV.

From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus, and the low
Spring-beauty streaked with red,

V.

Will all suffice ; no otherwhere
Impelled to roam,
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will smiling pause—of me aware—
And murmur : " Welcome Home !"

VI.

So sweetly greeted I shall rise
To kiss her cheek,
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies
Who finds and need not seek.

Any notice of Miss Jones's work in this her latest volume would be incomplete if it did not allude to the vibrant, stirring strains which the bardic harp gives forth on various current and pertinent themes of interest to the world-heart universal. There is in this book a group of quite remarkable poems under the caption "National and International,"—a group of poems each one of which celebrates, in no mere perfunctory spirit, some recent event or present issue in human and civic affairs. One of these, "My Irish," inscribed to the "Reverent Memory of Victoria the Good," nobly parallels Mrs. Browning's "A Court Lady."

Another, "The Saving of an Empire," is coinage of song hot from the mint of the impelling moment. No less of fervor in prophetic feeling and of harmony in rhythmic utterance characterizes the apostrophe to "Panama."

What time the Lord drew back the sea
And gave thee room, slight Panama,
" I will not have thee great," said He,
" But thou shalt bear the slender key
Of both the gates I builded Me.
And all the great shall come to thee
For leave to pass, O Panama !"
*[Flower of the Holy Ghost, white dove,
Breathe sweetness where He wrought in love !]*

The book has an appreciative introduction by J. N. Larned. The dedication is to the Scotch poet, David Gray. And from this dedication we withdraw two lines, which (with the change of the personal pronoun) may well be applied to the author herself:

Crowned poets on the hills !—
A poet comes to worship : give *her* room !

Another View of Miss Jones's Poems

"The Rubáiyát of Solomon and Other Poems," by Amanda T. Jones, is a book of verse that will recall to many readers a poetic individuality quite out of the ordinary. The resetting of "Ecclesiastes" will seem for some the most important part of the volume, but for many greater enjoyment is to be had in the author's own fresh songs—in which one gets new, intense visions of nature and of life through the prismatic mind of a true poet. There is nothing finer in this various collection of Miss Jones's than the "Kansas Bird Songs," which first saw the light years ago in the *Century Magazine*. The observation in this group of poems is original; and the expression is unhackneyed. These songs are a welcome addition to the New-World anthology. There is in the book always a first-hand view of nature,—

often a touch of mysticism. Some of the experiments are not fortunate, but now and again there is a narrative poem, or a lyric, that clings to the memory.

The opening poem—to the elder David Gray of Buffalo—brings back a charming and unique personality; one warmly cherished in many hearts.

Gray was, indeed, a "seldom poet," but one of fine quality, who gave to daily journalism faculties which otherwise might have made a name of wide and permanent acceptance. He was one of the earliest and truest appreciators of Miss Jones's verse, and she has done well thus to honor one whose memory should be kept green.



The Popularity of Bernard Shaw

By LIONEL STRACHEY

BERNARD SHAW has the honor of belonging to the nationality of Swift and Sheridan, Steele and Sterne, or, as he might well be conceived declaring, they have the honor of belonging to his. The determination whether those renowned wits' aforesaid compatriot is their compeer shall be left to the voice of the booksellers. True that booksellers have but a dollar-and-a-half acquaintance with books, but they are the best judges—precisely by the financial standard—of a book's real value (in the estimation of the public); money talks, and the public is always right, especially the American public, with its sound, healthy, vigorous, luminous, infallible (any American newspaper will lavishly supply more and stronger adjectives to the purpose) American common sense. But we shall presently prove that even to persons endowed with the very commonest sense, Shaw's prospectus upon life must appear not dissimilar to Tristram Shandy's: "This scurvy and disastrous world of ours.

. . . This vile, dirty planet of ours.
. . . One of the vilest worlds that ever was made." The dramas of the

latter-day scolding Irishman have nevertheless enjoyed the favor of numerous spectators and readers in this most optimistic of cheerful communities. Yet the reputed popularity of the "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," etc., is nothing but a misty, pink illusion.

Let us conduct our argument not as a man, but as a superman would: first setting up the success of Shaw, and then knocking it down.

The glad, unspoilt children of nature and democracy who visit the playhouses of the United States are easily satisfied. Their celebrated common sense bids them not to demand unity and cohesion, well-calculated sequence of events, logical situations, reasonable characters, credible motives, pertinent dialogue, and the curtain's fall upon a plausible conclusion. Nor would they—the glad, unspoilt—condemn these things. They are as free from prejudice thereanent as the wind that bloweth over their gurrate and boundless purrairies (referred to with luxurious, defiant pride by those not obliged to live on them). But they all want to laugh: they go to the theatre to "have

a good time." We have heard laughter during the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet" and the death throes of Carmen. Few spectacles gain their approval more surely than the contemptuous flouting of father or mother by daughter or son, ill-mannered impertinence towards age on the part of youth, ripe discernment filliped by debonair triviality: look at America's comic journals, stage pieces, schools, homes. Since the dominance in the auditorium belongs to the female sex, triumphs of that sex over the other are viewed with gratification. By "dominance" we mean: if the women are not in actual majority, they yet overbalance the men, a large proportion of whom are blank escorts for love's or duty's sake; but whatever the numerical ratio of sex at theatrical performances, there is in these United States a growing subservience of man to woman, a willing thralldom, a welcomed state of bondage. All Americans are taken by exhibitions of vivacity, agility, cleverness, and daring. They are partial to displays that are curious, unusual, exciting, or grotesque. Finally, they ask variety in their amusements: one day, a divorce in America's Royal Family (the Vandergilts); next day, the excavation of an anthropoid fossil in Peoria, Illinois; then, a dog fight round the corner; the day following, a new President of the Republic; after the new President, a chorus girl's attempt to set the Hudson on fire; next, the lynching of an innocent negro; and for the day rounding the week, another successful expedition started to discover the North Pole.

How closely does Bernard Shaw answer all these sundry inclinations?

With the most extravagant occurrences, enacted by the most unimaginable people, who deliver the most irrelevant speeches, Bernard Shaw wends his wanton way, while he scatters indiscriminate largesse of sparkling, startling jokes and jibes as he freakishly skips along. Nor does he stint in measuring out diversity: a youthful poet enamored of a clergyman's consort; travellers from England besieged in a Moorish castle; the im-

minent execution of a New Hampshire "rebel" in 1777; a beautiful young woman disguised as a French officer; a dentist extracting a tooth; a speeding automobile; a waiter at an hotel with a noted lawyer for his son; the Alhambra; Napoleon; Cleopatra asleep between the paws of a sphinx; a Swiss mercenary, pursued by Bulgarians, taking refuge in a lady's bedroom. As for the derision or defiance of gray heads by green: Mrs. Clandon's sweet sprigs in "You Never Can Tell"; futile, frivolous Frank Gardner in "Mrs. Warren's Profession"; certain remarks in "Man and Superman," as:

The law for father and son and mother and daughter is not the law of love; it is the law of revolution, of emancipation, of final supersession of the old and worn-out by the young and capable.

Touching the question of female predominance: Crampton is tamed by the sneers of his daughter Gloria; insidious Ann Whitefield appoints her own guardians, slights the man who desires her in marriage, forces herself upon the man who does n't; calm Candida has the upper hand of her prosy, clerical spouse and of her poetical admirer; Vivian Warren, after dealing two suitors their quietus, orders her life according to her own choice; through the cajoling wiles of "A Lady" Napoleon is thwarted and his aide-de-camp outwitted; Lady Cicely subdues the fierce pirate and slave-trader, Brassbound.

To sum up: independence from the dramatic conventions, numerous uncommon episodes, variety, wit, the worsting of age by youth, and the submission of man to woman—what could be more popular?

Sundry obstacles and prohibitions working against stage performance of Bernard Shaw's dramatic works in England, the country of whose "respectability" he is so virulent a satirist first became acquainted with the chastiser through printed editions of his plays. In the United States, too—where, as in England, his novels had enjoyed but an inconsiderable vogue,—Shaw's dramatic name spread by means of the bookshops and libraries. (Bookshops



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

and libraries are not popular in any country, though barrooms and liquor are in every country.) *Belles-lettres* without the matronage of the women would perish here, since it is the women who read books. For this they gain sufficient leisure by trustfully resigning their households into the hands of the Lord. What do the males read? Newspapers. — Anything else? Yes. — What, then? Newspapers. — Is that

all? No.—Well? Newspapers—and talk like 'em too. So that whatever pre-theatrical fame accrued to the philosophical farces for pharisees settles upon those book-reading ladies eager for "culture" (or thinking they ought to want to hope to be considered eager for "culture"), and upon a share of the men devoted to literary or academic pursuits—a microscopic total put aside of the bartenders, chorus girls,

millionaires, negroes, Presidents, chauffeurs, commercial travellers, insurance men, scavengers, shop-boys, cloak models, bootblacks, laundry countesses,

Robert Loraine venturing upon the field in 1905 with "Man and Superman." Among the satellites of these (more or less) refulgent "stars," John



"CANDIDA"

DODSON MITCHELL AS MORELL, DOROTHY DONNELLY AS CANDIDA, AND ARNOLD DALY AS MARCHBANKS

policemen, bookkeepers, book agents, bookmakers, booksellers, and the rest indifferent to books (prompted by common sense not to read them).

The Hibernian's histrionic pioneer in America was Richard Mansfield: more than a decade since, he entered "Arms and the Man" upon his repertory, where it has been softly slumbering these many, many moons. Nor could the brilliant abilities of Mansfield long preserve "The Devil's Disciple" from the sleep without end. In the new century Arnold Daly brought efficient troupes into the lists with "Candida," "The Man of Destiny," and so forth,

Findlay, Louise Closser, and Frances Clark earned the suffrage of connoisseurs by the fine fulfilment of their allotted tasks. At this time of writing one company under Daly and another under Loraine are playing in New York, and said to be prospering.

The metropolis will to some degree befriend any sort of theatrical "show"; for little or for long the three and a half million inhabitants will yield auditors to a stage piece, whatever its purport and whatever its technical value—which might perhaps be averred of a few other American cities. In the preface to the "Plays Pleasant" we

read how "authors must not expect managers to invest . . . in plays . . . which will clearly not attract perfectly commonplace people," and whereas all but the great cities of a country must be composed almost entirely of such people, it follows that only plays suitable to their taste can find acceptance in those places. True, the artistic worth of a drama would bear as little upon its success either in Pawtucket, or Minneapolis, or Chattanooga, or Council Bluffs as it would in New York, but unless the author could in other respects satisfy nearly every Pawtucketan, Minneapolitan, Chattanooga,

pro Shaw, it would be deduced that to a perfectly commonplace Council Bluffer —because to the average American—the Dublinite's plays might be quite acceptable. Only, with our critical cunning, we made an omission in the brief, namely: those very important other respects. In them are included the author's vigorously enunciated views on matters of vital and universal interest, matters upon which every man possesses, or imagines he ought to assume, convictions deep, strong, and unchangeable. The average American is not more of a fool—despite his common sense (synonym for intellectual arid-



"THE MAN OF DESTINY"

THOMAS THORNE AS THE LIEUTENANT, DOROTHY DONNELLY AS THE LADY, JOHN FINDLAY AS THE INNKEEPER
AND ARNOLD DALY AS NAPOLEON

and Council Bluffer, oh, then, anathema upon the Pawtucketan, Minneapolitan, Chattanooga, and Council Bluffing box offices!

From the first part of our argument,

ity) — in fact is rather less of a fool, than the ordinary European; but everywhere in the world does the mediocre man bristle up, like a porcupine at bay, against any idea or sentiment foreign

to the habitual horizon. Opposing the expression of such "unconventional" thoughts and feelings are also myriads of people afraid or ashamed to confess agreement with anything "unpleasant," "unwholesome," "unsound," "unorthodox," "morbid," "immoral," "radical," "unpatriotic," "iconoclastic," "anarchistic," "atheistic," or "dangerous"—all meaning the same thing: unpopularity. So they pretend not to agree: a pound of pretension is weightier than an ounce of honesty. In England the porcupines and the pretenders join in forming with tradition and respectability an impregnable phalanx—hypocrisy. In the United States



"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"
JOHN FINDLAY AS WILLIAM

hypocrisy is less of a national force than in England; but there prevails here a dull, flat, democratic level of opinion—the result of broad, practical common sense: why maintain a personal standpoint, why not conform to the judgment of the majority, why be "a crank," why not "go with the crowd"? This unscrupulous attitude hardly looks superior to the British. However, cutting the whole comparison down to fit as a step in our argument: the American cares more than the Briton for "popularity."

Conceive, then, the stony wonder appalling 25,081 perfectly commonplace Council Bluffing souls (the whole population numbers 25,802) at being promised by the newspapers "a dramatic travesty of the ideas of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche," composed by an author professing "no taste for what is called popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics." (See the preface "Mainly about Myself.") Our sleeves are full of instructive and improving maxims from Shaw's plays, which we will proceed to shake out, inviting the glad, unspoilt to the feast. Here, for instance, is a brightly buoyant, hopeful Americanism: "It's unwise to be born; it's unwise to be married; it's unwise to live; and it's wise to die." And here is a saw for the good Christian citizen, the prop of the State, the pillar of the Church: "A man should stand for his belief, against law and religion." The fond, watchful parent and the sapient educator of the young may devoutly ponder the advice: "Do not give your children moral and religious instruction unless you are quite sure they will not take it too seriously."—"The formation of a young lady's character usually consists in telling her lies." Do you ask guidance for the safe choice of friends, for the way to establish worthy and elevating social intercourse? The answer is: "If you are going to pick and choose your acquaintances on moral principles, you had better clear out of this country, unless you want to cut yourself out of all decent society." You learnt at



"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"

GEORGE FARREN AS CRAMPTON AND ARNOLD DALY AS VALENTINE

school that *magna est veritas, et prævalēbit* — a noble encouragement to be steadfast in unblenching veracity all your life long, especially as: "The truth is the one thing that nobody will believe." One should ever be sure that one's motives are right, and should therefore remember: "When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of, he always declares that it is his duty." The honorable profession of arms is patriotically esteemed by Bernard Shaw, who informs us that a sol-

dier never thinks; opines that when a soldier kills an enemy of his country with a shot from his rifle he commits a murder—just as a savage does with a poisoned arrow; sheds the light of genial humor upon military valor and discipline; represents three famous generals as perfect comedians. Nor do we find the cloth treated with anything but the reverential respect due to all members of the sacred calling. We might perhaps, however, except a certain dissolute priest, who is mocked by

his son, and whose illegitimate daughter drinks whiskey and smokes cigars—and then, to be sure, there is that other pastor, called “moralist and windbag,” also “liar and coward,” by the young gentleman in love with this cleric’s helpmeet, who, dearly devoted to her



“ARMS AND THE MAN”
RICHARD MANSFIELD AS BLUNTSCHLI

ministerial spouse, says to him one day, with a charming smile: “Your sermons are mere phrases that you cheat yourself and others with every day.” In fact, the life domestic and matrimonial is treated in a manner to command the warm approbation of every serious, thoughtful American husband and father, wife and mother, confidently believing in the noble influence of the stage upon the nation’s thought and character. True, that the first quotation following, on this subject, may seem to bear a touch of alien locality, but the author would no doubt be willing enough to substitute “Anglo-Saxon” for “English”: “As a rule there is only one person an English girl hates more

than she hates her mother, and that’s her eldest sister.” The secluded sanctity of the English home (and why not the American?) he praises thus: “Home is the girl’s prison and the woman’s workhouse.” As for several sons of respectable families he brings upon the boards, we retain a pleasing impression of lightness, of careless freedom from responsibility, of a well-bred incapacity for work, of an engaging trust in the morrow. For the end we have reserved three beautiful sayings, culled with our most loving care, which will dispel any lingering apprehensions of the aptness of Bernard Shaw’s plays for public performance throughout the length and breadth of this land of early, happy, virtuous marriages. The purity of the marriage relation in America, and its paramount moral force as the mainstay of American civilization, has long been the theme of American writers and orators, of journalists, essayists, novelists, of prelates, legislators, statesmen—aye, Presidents of This Great Republic!

It is a woman’s business to get married as soon as possible, and a man’s to keep unmarried as long as he can.

The confusion of marriage with morality has done more to destroy the conscience of the human race than any other single error.

Marriage is the most licentious of human institutions; that is the secret of its popularity.

And the popularity of all these views, outspoken in the plays—what is the secret of that? Nobody knows, because there is no secret in a thing which never has existed, and never can exist. But if there be some, asserting in our teeth that Shaw has been, is, or will be, popular in the United States, let them give only one season’s attention to the stage, not neglecting historical plays, patriotic plays, rural drama, melodrama, musical comedy, and vaudeville. Then may they get an inkling what a fatal gulf of hostility divides the spirit of the perfectly commonplace American from that of friend Bernard. He is not for people with “good, plain, sound, common sense”—a primitive mental quality,

The Popularity of Bernard Shaw

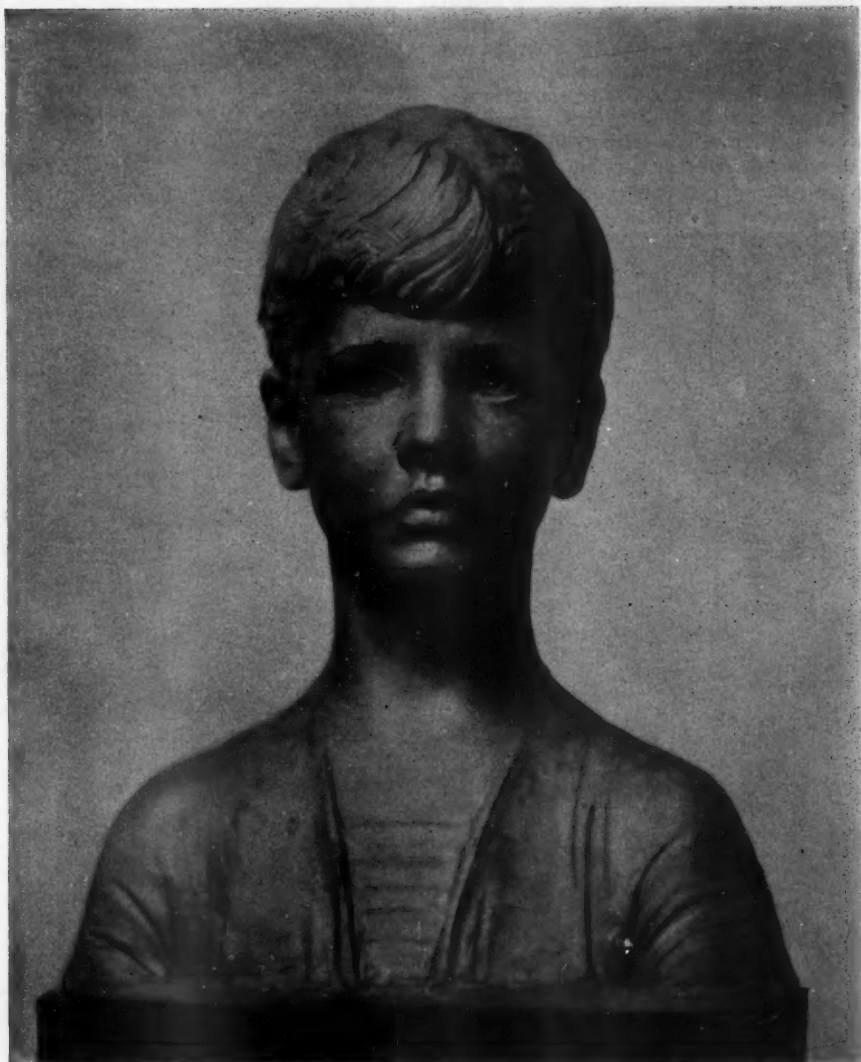
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often found in booksellers, bartenders, and Congressmen. Nor could any living soul — least of all Shaw — be found in agreement with each of Shaw's opinions, though dissent might not prohibit enjoyment. But to relish while demurring is neither popular nor in accordance with common sense. However, let those whose sense is uncommon enough to be unpopular fortify themselves with some remarks of a certain Doctor Stockmann:

"The majority is never right! That's one of the social lies a free, thinking man is bound to rebel against. Who make up the majority in any given country? Is it the wise men or the fools? I think we must agree that the fools are in a terrible, overwhelming majority all the world over. . . . What sort of truths do the majority rally round? Truths that are decrepit with age. When a truth is as old as that, then it's in a fair way to become a lie. . . . All these majority-truths are like last year's salt pork; they are rancid, mouldy ham, producing all the moral scurvy that devastates society."



"MAN AND SUPERMAN"
ROBERT LORAIN AS TANNER AND FAY DAVIS AS ANN



PORTRAIT BUST OF A BOY, BY JAMES EARLE FRASER
In possession of Mr. Harry Payne Whitney

James Earle Fraser

JAMES EARLE FRASER exemplifies the best in the younger school of American sculpture; since, by realizing his position to be that of a student learning truth, he has worked for technical ability before attempting any such rule as "Let each artist be law unto himself." Unlike many at the start he appreciates that expression in his work has a use higher than the rendering of personal affections; and so he lays greater stress on comeliness of form than on the self-styled "dramatic passion," popularly known as "a love of the horrible." Yet his work progresses unhindered by the trammels of convention, within whose orthodox limits he moves with ease. He translates the spirit of the antique into modern phrases. He mingles reticent realism and idealism, without attempting to be original, though his originality establishes itself in his combining those qualities in an active, not a passive, alloy. His balance and modulation of unadorned truthfulness receive their best illustration in the equestrian statue of a Sioux Indian that stood in the Court of Honor at the St. Louis Exhibition. The virile, active strength of horse and rider, the dignity and unique gesture of the savage, and the suppressed energy of the checked beast, gain the highest level yet reached with such a subject. However, by virtue of his interest in the manifestation of physical grace, and by his technical resource the sculptor has brought coherence in place of the licence of untaught effort. In his bas-reliefs his good taste and self-restraint lead him to accept literally the presence of a background of stone or bronze; while a unified simplicity of aim keeps accuracy of fact in league with the spirit of the occasion. Especially among his portraits of children, his frank and simple charm of accent serves to give to each a distinct little individuality. The fidelity of his lovable touch brings with it all the significance of spontaneous movement, as is shown in the bas-relief of the son of Mr. David Ericson. His medallions, likewise, profit by this clearness of mean-

ing and sentiment of plastic refinement. The modelling is low, though, as a rule, not of the lowest order, and therein he employs a delicate use of light and shadow, and a harmony of pose without self-conscious affectation. With his busts, furthermore, re-occurs this classic love for beauty of form. So far he has produced nothing more perfect than his head of the son of Mr. Harry Payne Whitney. Here, in treatment of features, and neck, and shoulders, he not only holds his own with the simplicity and freedom from multitudinous detail of a Della Robbia, or of "The Unknown Woman" of the Louvre, but as well retains their breadth and repose, for all the subtle finish. From every point of view rare power and rare promise mark Fraser's results. He proves himself to be conservative, strong, delicate, and observing. He refrains from attempting to launch an artistic career with startling innovations. He leaves theories to old age, and works. He avoids the common error of attempting to ape Rodin's final and powerful eccentricities without the fundamentals of Rodin's training. He proceeds with care and respect towards his sound conception of what is best.

James Earle Fraser was born in 1875 at Winona, Minnesota. Despite his father's shifting work as a superintendent of railroads, the sculptor took an early interest in modelling. His first training began when, at eighteen, he found employment under Mr. Richard Bach, and attended the Chicago Art Institute for six months previous to going to Paris. He made a steady success during his three years at the Beaux Arts under Falguière and Julien, winning the first prize offered to sculptor students by the American Art Association, as well as the first prize for the design for a medal. He returned to America in 1900, where he worked in the studio of Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens for almost two years before starting out for himself.

H. ST. G.

New Orleans in Fiction

By W. S. HARWOOD

(Illustrated from photographs made by the Author)



A KNOCKER UPON THE ANCIENT
DOOR OF A SPANISH BUILDING
IN THE OLD FRENCH
QUARTER

If a climate warm and charming, if a rare and beautiful touch of nature in town, if a past of unique interest, if a splendid picturesqueness of life,—if these count for letters, then the people of the city of New Orleans should be born to the pen. It is a city with a remarkable history, a foreign city on American soil;

its foundations are laid in the red cement of many a tragedy: such a city, set in the rare Southland, with all its manifold invitations to narration, surely should be a favored spot for romance.

And, indeed, the mine from which novels are worked has not been overlooked, though there is no end of veins which have not been followed; and some that have been opened and exploited are still as rich as before the first prospecting.

The city of New Orleans has depended upon so many civilizations for its growth and development,—French and Spanish and French again and American, and still remaining in large part the first two; it has lived so long in comparative isolation,—two centuries, nearly,—developing, meanwhile, a fine strong civilization all its own; it has been so persistently conservative; it has so sedulously maintained its Old-World mode of life,—it has been, in a word, so thoroughly unusual and apart

from the rest of our national life, that it presents quite remarkable opportunities for romance.

Some years ago Mr. George W. Cable, then a resident of New Orleans, recognized the richness of this field and opened it, and, while he has not been the only exponent, he has certainly been the most conspicuous portrayer of the life of this rare old capital. One feature which, for many readers, gives a peculiar zest to Mr. Cable's stories is his elusive location of places. The city is divided into two parts: the old, or French Quarter, much the same as it has been for more than a century, clinging to French customs, French manners, French life; and the new, or American quarter, quite separate, tense with the solving of the insistent problems of to-day. It is in this old French Quarter, with its strange, dramatic yesterdays, that Mr. Cable has located many of the scenes in his stirring novels.

In rambling over this quarter in the sweet, beautiful March days, I have found it quite as easy as it should be to locate many of the places referred to in his tales. I say as easy as it should be, for, were it easier, it would be a fruitless task. In other words, were the definition more sharp, the romance would be *nil*. Some of the buildings and all of the streets may be located, for the streets, and the buildings, too, for that matter, have changed but slightly through the years, surprisingly little when one comes to think of the turnings and overturnings of the cities of the rest of the land. The buildings and the streets are very much the same as they were in the early decades of the last century: French and Spanish and what may be called American architecture, and composites of them all; and yet, while there has been so little change, there is just enough indefiniteness in the novelist's descrip-



"In the heart of New Orleans stands a large four-story brick building that has so stood for about three-quarters of a century. . . . To Kookoo's venerable property a certain old man used for many years to come every evening, stumbling through the groups of prattling children who frolicked about in the early moonlight—whose name no one knew, but whom all the neighbors designated by the title of 'Sieur George.'"—"Old Creole Days," Cable

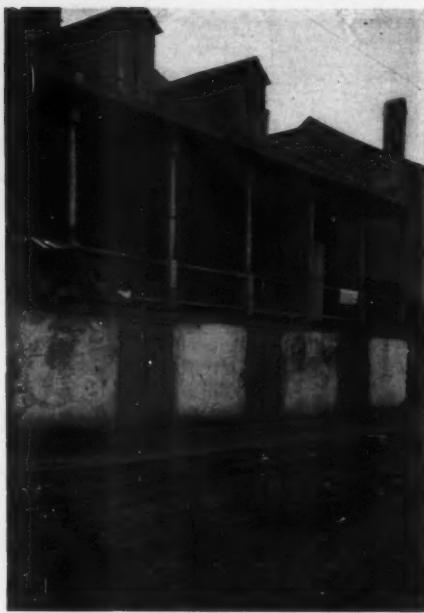


THE HOUSE IN CONSTANCE STREET, NEW ORLEANS,
NEAR THE CORNER OF RACE STREET, IN WHICH MR.
CABLE LIVED WHEN A BOY

tions to leave room for the full play of romance.

In the rooms of the Howard Memorial Library, in New Orleans, I found an ancient map which I photographed, showing the New Orleans of the days of the Grandissimes. If one takes this map, made in the early part of the century just closed, and applies to it a map of the quaint, picturesque, curious French Quarter of to-day, he will be surprised to see how closely the two fit. Following up these streets with their foreign-sounding names,—Rue Toulouse, Rue Royal, Rue Bourbon, Rue Chartres, Rue Esplanade, Rue Conti, Rue Bienville, and all the rest,—one finds many and many a place where Cable has stopped with his pen to sketch a room, or a gallery, or a window, or a street, or a square. The fact that the French Quarter has remained practically intact, makes it all the more easy to follow his pen with a camera and make record of the general, even if not the definite and particular.

The faces that have peered at my camera with a certain quaint seriousness as I have gone up and down these old streets are right interesting faces, and many a one might easily have but just stepped out of the pages of the novelist. Creole, Spanish, French, and a mixture of them all; descendants of the San Domingo refugees, driven from the ill-fated island by the insurrection of the slaves; negroes of many shades and ages; Indians from some of the remoter districts; the newer Italians,—it is a motley throng which sweeps leisurely up and down these narrow streets, a living panorama from the pages of the "Grandissimes," or



"He made his home in a room with one dormer window looking out and somewhat down, upon a building opposite, which still stands, flush with the street, a century old. Its big round-arched windows in a long second-story row are walled up, and two or three from time to time have had smaller windows let into them again, with odd little lattice peep-holes in their bottom shutters. This had already been done when Kristian Koppeg first began to look at them from his solitary dormer window."—"Tite Poulette" in "Old Creole Days," Cable.

"The Old Creole Days," or those "Strange True Stories of Louisiana." There are deep black eyes and swarthy skins and soft cheeks, warm and rich



"It's a bad world, this. One minute we play an organ at the corner for any beggar to dance, the next minute may be we get orders to file our stilletos and put on a black mask. . . . Tell the truth, I've never been the same since that job you and I did at the Old Basin. I see a thousand times a day that young man's face, the way it looked in the moonlight."—"Carlotta's Intended," Ruth McEnery Stuart.

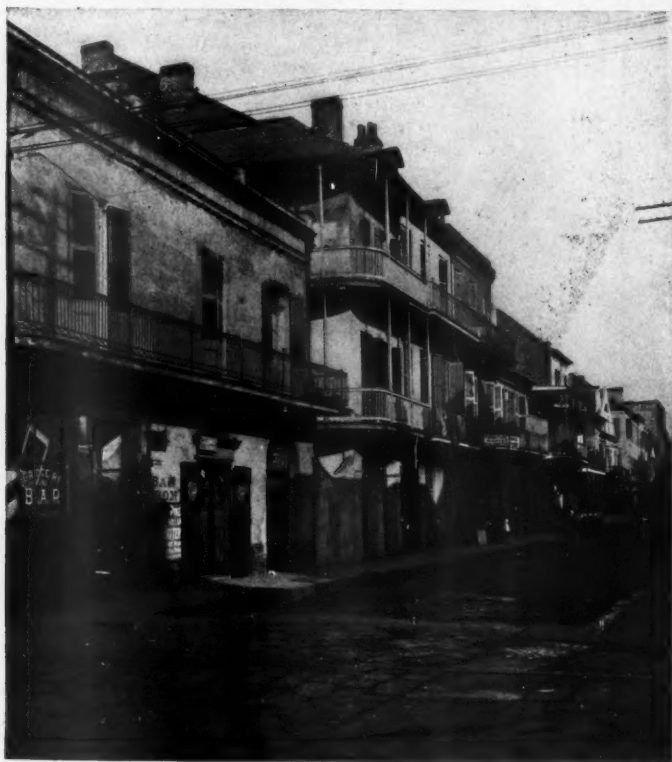
with the vintage of the South; a very babel of tongues, French or Spanish or Italian or that strange mingling of all patois, the "gumbo" dialect of the uneducated type of Creole or the negro; the gestures, the airs, the mannerisms of a distinct people. And what places these faces are for the play of the tragedies of this old capital, tragedies wrought out in war and slavery and

misrule and the awful scourge of the fever!

With such a many-sided, parti-colored life about one, ought not any one to write romance? Ah, but the writing of it, the spinning of the yarn, the after-weaving of the figures, the final production of the field of the cloth of gold or an immortal tapestry, and not the homely homespun fabric of the

everyday,—ah, but this is where craft ends and art begins. It will not do to say that Mr. Cable discovered a well-tilled, well-filled field, went in and plucked and arranged,—not at all; he had graver duties than this as he will find who comes to the splendid opportunities yet remaining. He who will make this rare old city a background for his pictures must study it from many points of view, must come in closest touch with its life, must breathe its atmosphere. Mr. Cable indeed

we shall find far more that the guide-books hint of, if we but look for it. Here is the corner where Frowenfeld located when he was ready to begin his life amidst the turbulent peoples he found it so difficult to understand, his phlegmatic Northern blood so slow to slip into the veins of the South; a little beyond is the Rue Bienville, the street in which lived the charming Clotilde and the adorable Aurore in all their brilliant Creole beauty; hard by is the Rue Toulouse where the courtly Creole



"A Creole gentleman . . . now moved quietly across some old fields toward the town, where more absorbing interests awaited him in the Rue Toulouse; for this Creole gentleman was a merchant, and he would presently find himself among the appointments and restraints of the counting-room."—"The Grandissimes," Cable.

found the field, but he was his own husbandman.

If we stroll along the Rue Royal, which halves the French Quarter somewhat near midway from the huge yellow river flowing sullenly past the city,

gentleman had his place of business; while just over to the left,—you may walk to it in a trice,—stands Congo Square, where the mad, wild life of the native Africans culminated in such scenes as those which marked the fan-



COURTYARD AT MISS GRACE KING'S RESIDENCE

Her study is in the upper room in the centre of the picture—with the blinds. In older days it was used as a slaves' quarters.



THE FAMOUS DUELLING OAKS IN THE PRESENT CITY PARK, WHERE MANY AN AFFAIR OF HONOR HAS BEEN ADJUSTED

The tomb of Louis Illard is seen under the nearer tree. He was a man of considerable prominence as a writer in the early days of New Orleans.



In Bienville Street where Aurore and Clotilde lived in "the right-hand half of a single-story, low-roofed tenement, washed with yellow ochre, which it shares generously with whoever leans against it. It sits as fast to the ground as a toad. . . . On the day they moved into Number 19, she (Aurore) had been seen to enter in advance of all her movables, carrying into the empty house a new broom, a looking-glass, and a silver cross." "The Grandissimes," Cable.



"A small Gothic chapel set in the midst of a burying-ground on the outskirts of the city. The bell from an ivied niche beneath the surmounting cross of the façade:

"Christ is born, is born!
And o'er the teeming city yonder, lo
A star—the foretorch of the slumbering sun—

Shines palely bright! and guided, by its rays,
A thousand little feet go pattering bare
And white across the floors."

"A Christmas Masque of St. Roch," M. E. M. Davis.

tastic barbarity of the dance of Bras-Coupé, when he bounded into the ring, "jingling with bells, his feet in moccasins, his tight, crisp hair decked out with feathers, a necklace of alligator's teeth rattling on his breast, and a living serpent twined about his neck."

You need but to turn back again, and soon—if you are still walking with the vim of the Northern ozone in your blood and have not yet swung into the warm soft current of the languor of the South—you will find in the Rue Orleans the famous quadroom ballroom where many a sad tragedy began, in the working out of which many a woman's heart was broken and many a gallant man's blood was let, and many another beautiful woman's heart was broken, a heart some faint trace of whose rich blood beat in touch with the barbaric richness of a land below the equator. To-day there is a cross above the long gallery, and the women who live in the quaint old building, once the greatest show-place in the old city, are not quadroom dancers, educated, mayhap, in the finest schools of France and possessed of a fine and high type of civilization, beautiful with a strange, wild beauty no other women have ever possessed, bent on doing all the sad damage they can do in the homes of the men they may never hope to wed,—none of these, but the sober-faced women whose lives are merged in the life of their Church.

Just over there, nearer the river, stands the twin-spired cathedral, a focal point of interest. Here in Dumaine Street stood the home of 'Tiet Poulette, over near the Barracks was the Café des Exiles, as was the home of Madame Deliceuse, while at the corner of St. Peter, on Royal, lived strange 'Sieur George, whose life was so full of sombre silences.

Mr. Cable, who was born in New Orleans, lived when a small lad on Constance Street, just in the rear of Annunciation Square. I was looking for some one who could point out the place to me when I met a frail old woman with a foreign-sounding voice pitched in the wavering key of age. She knew Mr. Cable, ah, yes, very well indeed, when he was but a lad; she knew him

as a man, too, and she had kept watch of him from the time he used to be playing about the square and the streets. Not every one in New Orleans liked Mr. Cable, he wrote too much for some folks, but he was a true man, he was, true blue, boy and man.

And, indeed, she was right, not every one in New Orleans likes Mr. Cable; it does not take long to find that out if you mention his name where Creole tongues may take it up. There are some whose dislike in speech runs, one would think, perilously near to hatred; but, when you have sifted things out, you find, as you had expected, that it is Mr. Cable the writer, not Mr. Cable the man, against whom they inveigh. He has written just what he intended to write about Creole life, there can be no doubt about that, and he has written it so plainly that a person with rather indifferent mental eyesight can read the words with ease; and when you join to this the fact that a Creole never forgets, you have it all. But what really is a Creole?—ah, let me leave the task for those with larger knowledge.

Mr. Cable has been of marked literary value to the South, as well as to the North. He has not only delineated certain phases of Southern life with the fine, true hand of the competent and enthusiastic pioneer, but he has been a source of stimulation to other writers who, whether they realized his influence or not, have been led to appreciate, as they could not have appreciated without him, the possibilities of the field. However important his later contributions to American literature, these tales that tell of the romantic side of the life of this old city will abide in a permanent place. Perhaps if he went back again to the old field those who do not now see matters as they perhaps should see them might find that it was the artist that was at work, not any man of malice.

In a charming old home on Prytania Street it was my pleasure to meet another New Orleans writer who by the grace and charm of her stories, as well as by the clearness and force of her historical works, has become a strong

factor in the literary life of the city, Miss Grace King, whose "Balcony Stories," some eight or nine years ago, were a notable feature of the *Century Magazine*. Miss King lives in the fine old Garden Part of the city, as it is called, a delightful quarter, the home of many of the aristocratic families of the city. Her place of work, like the work itself, is distinctively Southern, for it was once the quarters of the slaves of a wealthy family living adjacent. It is a low, two-story detached building set at the end of a beautiful little court with the rare beauty of the flowers and palms everywhere within sight.

Miss King is a versatile writer, and her "New Orleans, the Place and the People," is as charming in its style as her tales of the old French Quarter. The stories which she has written deal very much with the life of that quarter, and while they are for the main part short stories, they are so finished and so delightful one cannot but wish that the historical work, to which she turns with steadily increasing interest, shall not be allowed to usurp the place of longer and stronger stories from the same setting.

Miss King has many literary plans, and she is a consistent and steadfast worker. She is a woman with a large circle of devoted friends. She is intensely Southern, in the wise and broad sense, and her admiration for the old city of her birth is unbounded. The longer people live in New Orleans the more deeply do they become attached to it, and even one who is here but months or even weeks, instead of years, falls an easy prey to the subtle charms of a city unlike any other in the world. Miss King is constitutionally opposed to publicity, and while she no doubt recognizes certain gentle claims which the public has upon a writer because, perforce, the writer in her works has invited the confidence and friendship of the public, yet she is seriously opposed to the exploitation of a writer's personality in print. She is a woman of most delightful personality, be it recorded, however, as all may bear witness who meet her. She is a strong figure in the literary life of New Orleans.

The name of Ruth McEnery Stuart is so intimately associated with stories of negro life, depicting the traits and characteristics of this strangely interesting factor in Southern life, that one might easily identify her with any one of a number of Southern cities, but it is New Orleans that has long been her home, though she was born in an outlying parish some distance from the city proper. She lives at present in New York, but her family still resides in New Orleans, one of the best-known and most prominent of all the old Southern families. While so many of her stories have been devoted to delineation of negro traits, yet, in "Carlotta's Intended," for example, she has shown that she is not by any means dependent for material upon the negro, large or little; and in that sweet and tender tale, "The Story of Babette," she has wandered far into another and most charming field, the ever-old, ever-new French Quarter, rich in a life of surpassing interest. In "Carlotta's Intended," she has given something of one of the many tragic episodes which have marked the history of New Orleans,—the wretched deeds of the dreaded Mafia, an oath-bound Sicilian Society which pushed its mission of death so far that the people of New Orleans rose up at last and settled the score in blood.

The steadily enlarging list of books by Mrs. Stuart attests not only her popularity with publisher and reader, but serves to stimulate anew the pride and interest of the people of New Orleans in the work of this gifted woman.

When General Jackson won his memorable victory over the British army at New Orleans in 1815 he occupied a number of different houses as headquarters, and one of them, standing on Royal Street in the very heart of the picturesque French Quarter, has been chosen as the home of another writer of New Orleans, Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, for a number of years engaged in literary work in this city. Mrs. Davis has chosen this old house not only because of its historic interest, but because it stands in the Quarter, where she is constantly in the atmo-

sphere of the people to whom she may look for that indefinable but still, in a sense, very real and definite thing, literary material.

Mrs. Davis turned to writing at an early age and has steadily carried it forward into mature years. Her husband is editor of one of the New Orleans daily newspapers and she has done more or less writing for the daily press. She turns more and more now to novel writing, and I found her deep in the preparation of a new work.

While Mrs. Davis has not held as closely to New Orleans as a location for her charming stories as some of the other writers of the city, she has yet found in it much that is available, appreciating more and more, the closer she comes into the life of the people, how fine the field. She is enthusiastic in her interest in the many-sided life of this truly cosmopolitan city. In her poem, "A Christmas Masque of St. Roch," she has selected a very well-known and historic Gothic chapel in one of the old cemeteries of the city, and round about it has woven a fine and picturesque production.

"Minding the Gap, and Other Poems," "In War Times at La Rose Blanche," "Under the Man Fig," "An Elephant's Track, and Other

Stories," "Under Six Flags," "The Wire Cutters," and "The Queen's Garden," are among the volumes from her pen.

Many other writers have found New Orleans a delightful place in which to live and work,—Gayarré, Fortier, Mercier, Lafcadio Hearn, Audubon, though he is rather a Louisianian than an Orleanian, Mary Ashley Townsend, Mrs. C. V. Jamison, among the long list.

To appreciate New Orleans as a city one must not be content with a Mardi Gras week. Much may be seen in the days of this most brilliant American spectacle; but to know the city,—and this is true as of perhaps no other city in the land, so remarkable its past, so many-sided its life, so charged with tragic interest the chapters of its history,—one must live in it. To appreciate the importance of this city as a field for romantic writers one must not only know what has already been written, but must know something, and the more the better, of the unique possibilities of the field itself. When writers of American fiction, or, better put, American writers of fiction, come still more closely into touch with the life of their own country they will appreciate more clearly the possibilities of such a city as this, a city standing quite alone.

Lady Dilke's "Book of the Spiritual Life"

Reviewed by CHARLOTTE HARWOOD

It has become the custom of late to call a certain form of memoir an "appreciation." Sir Charles Dilke's memoir of his wife* might rather be called an "eulogy," but a perusal of the book will leave no surprise that she should be eulogized. Her own share in this volume, "The Book of the Spiritual Life," and two short stories, will be appreciated by the few, and caviare to the general. They are fantastic, and her husband says: "She wrote her

stories to lay ghosts. When some unpleasant tale began to haunt her, she used to tell us the nature of this 'moral hallucination,' and to say, 'I sha'n't sleep until I have made a story of it.'" The two short stories here given are sad, and are printed "only because, as an eminent critic writes, 'they are too good to go unprinted.'" But the message that she intended for posthumous publication in her "Book of the Spiritual Life" is not sad but triumphant, and to those familiar with the circumstances of her second marriage it speaks much of what her own

*"The Book of the Spiritual Life." By Lady Dilke. With a Memoir of the author by the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., M. P. E. P. Dutton, \$3.00.

spirit passed through at the time, and what she intended her own life to mean. Mr. Watts-Dunton wrote to her: "As to form, there is no doubt that you have a real sympathy with the old cadenced prose which has almost dropped out of our language. Some of your sentences I think very lovely." Lovely, no doubt, some of them are, and full of imagination, but the stories are mysterious, with a double meaning that it is sometimes hard to follow.

The greater interest of the volume is in the "Memoir." Lady Dilke was an unusually clever and attractive woman and knew intimately many of the most interesting men and women of the time. She was in correspondence with George Eliot before her first marriage to Mark Pattison, and to a certain extent was the original of Dorothea in "Middlemarch." "It was of Emilia Strong that George Eliot was thinking when she wrote, 'Dorothea knew many passages of Pascal's "Pensées" and of Jeremy Taylor by heart,' " says Sir Charles Dilke; and also: "Dorothea's defence of her marriage with Casaubon, and Casaubon's account of his marriage to Dorothea in the first book of 'Middlemarch,' are as a fact given by the novelist almost in Mark Pattison's words." But any further resemblance between the pedantic Casaubon and the scholarly Mark Pattison, who was many years his wife's senior, or between "the somewhat babelike Dorothea, and the powerful personality" of Mrs. Pattison, is denied. She was a student of eight or nine languages, a contributor to the best-known English reviews, and as principal art critic for the London Academy she dealt somewhat "faithfully" with Ruskin, Pater, and Watts,

without, however, losing the friendship of any of them. Much of her correspondence with Müntz is preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Her work on the French Renaissance was presented to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres by Renan, and M. Émile Michel wrote of her book on Claude as "a remarkable study, full of value by reason of the profit that all French admirers can draw from so fresh a revelation of his talent." Her eighteenth-century books brought fresh triumphs, and M. de Nolhac, Curator of Versailles, wrote: "Let this express my admiration for the new and considerable work with which you have endowed the literature of art in Europe." "Among her innumerable friends and correspondents were Browning, Sir C. Newton, John Morley, Mr. Chamberlain, Burne-Jones, Lord Acton, who "was amazed at the knowledge and conversation of a lady, who turned out to be Mrs. Mark Pattison," and Cardinal Manning, who spoke in his last hours of his appreciation of her "very great work" for women. Her work in the Women's Trades Union League, and in all that concerns women, is too well known to need present comment. In fact, her insistence on attending the Leeds Trade Congress was largely responsible for hastening her death.

Not often does a woman voluntarily lead a life so full of hard, unceasing work, and it is no wonder that one of her French woman friends wrote of her: "No one will ever be able to tell enough of what she was; she had everything: beauty, goodness of heart, great intelligence, simplicity. How could one help cherishing this woman so absolutely complete and unique!"



Lady Bobs, Her Brother, and I

A Romance of the Azores

By JEAN CHAMBLIN

LETTER XI

SIDE ISSUES IN DIFFERENT TONGUES

PONTA DELGADA.

MY DEAR:

The whole town buzzes with excitement. The mail steamer has arrived from America, with its welcome freight; and it is as if we had touched the handles of the world's great battery and got a shock of life. Everybody moves about with a new spring in their step, and groups of people stand about the Largo da Matriz and compare their budgets of news. I took myself to my sanctum and pored over the bundle of letters that had come to me. It was well worth waiting five weeks for, and I thanked the good God who has kept you all well and happy.

I needed the touch of your outstretched hand that came to me between the lines of your letter; for I have been without the sustaining influence of Captain Leigh, whose ship has sailed for Newport News, and I'm sad and lonely without him. The days that have passed since my last letter to you have been electrical. Every breath of air is weighted with the brewing storm. Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter can not repress the low growls of her thunderbolts; flashes of suppressed lightning shoot from Victoria's eyes; and I watch the twins as I would a weather-cock, to see which way the wind is blowing.

Mrs. DeGrey has fastened her tackle about George, and she stands sentry at every path where her campaigning brings him and Victoria together. In this she plays into my hands. I want time to hush the surging of the sea in my ears; and I want time, not to forget no, not to forget, but to remember—safely. Lady Bobs is thoughtful; and I think George takes his honors lightly. Perhaps that is another reason why Mrs. DeGrey and Victoria do not disturb me.

I have avoided collisions so far by spending my time with Tom and Dr. Morgan. I tell them that I am their protection against the twins. With one ship gone and nothing landed for Alexandra and Maude, the danger for the remaining ship becomes imminent. "Navy men are not so touchy as to color, but they do want a little dash," is one of Tom's penetrating remarks.

The DeGrey-Streeters' encounter with George, and my boots, and the whiskey flask was too good to keep, so I swore Tom and Dr. Morgan to secrecy and explained my Mardi-Gras costume to them. It had the beneficial effect of keeping Tom silent on a dangerous subject, and added enormously to his enjoyment of the whole situation. But just the same I made him climb up the rocks for my coat and watch and other things—as a penance for his ridicule.

Poor Lady Bobs got the other side of it, and it was n't a pleasant one either. She came into my room and attacked the subject with her usual directness.

"Kate, will you please tell me what all this nonsense is about?"

Knowing just what she meant, I naturally asked to what nonsense she referred.

"I know it is all perfectly ridiculous," she continued, "but Mrs. DeGrey has put me through a most uncomfortable half-hour." I began to realize that Lady Bobs was really disturbed. "I don't want to ask George, men take such things so seriously. But I do want to know what Mrs. DeGrey means by saying that she saw my brother coming out of your bedroom with your shoes and frock—"

"Don't forget the whiskey flask and the disturbed manner," I reminded.

"—yes, and his whiskey flask. Don't laugh, Kate, I don't like Mrs. DeGrey's insinuations."

"Does she think that in an absent-minded moment I left the house without my dress and shoes?" I asked.

"Don't let us talk of what she thinks; but George——"

"——was 'caught with the goods!'"

I could n't be serious over it, Nora. I should have laughed if my everlasting reputation had been at stake. Lady Bobs gave in at last to the humor of it, and I had to put more powder on my nose before I could explain. Then I told her the whole story. She never once referred to my not having taken her into my confidence in the first place, and passed lightly over what George had done. Her whole concern was for me, and underneath it all was an understanding that made me look the other way. She dropped Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter's name from the conversation with a completeness that was ominous.

I tried to speak naturally, but her gentleness made it difficult. "If it had n't been for your brother, more than likely I should be dangling my feet from a coral reef and looking for my side-combs; and if it was n't for you,—well, I don't know what I should do."

The sweetest smile passed over her face, and she held out her hand to me. Dear Lady Bobs!

Jovia came into the room with the large cards of Jose de Susa Canavario and Manuel de Canto Cabral, and Lady Bobs went off to visit the convent. The convent might be more interesting than Senors Canavario and Cabral, but there were thirteen nuns to kiss you on each cheek, and I could n't stand that.

By such reasoning I took up my lighter cross, glanced over the verbs "to be" and "to have," and smiled my sweetest upon one very large gentleman and one very thin one. They handed out their hands with an upward curve, and dropped their heads to the right as they did so, and then they both sat down upon the edges of their chairs.

The large gentleman, who taught mathematics, explained to me that he spoke "broke English." I looked astonished. The small gentleman was

a scientist; one of those people whom the Creator has taken into His confidence. I tried to look solemn as he wriggled his knee, and I said something very carefully in words of one syllable about the weather. The large gentleman clapped his hands and laughed, saying to his companion: "It is to us to profit her."

A little church-bell near by was ringing like a cow gone mad, and it was disconcerting. In my abstraction I remarked that it was damp. My large mathematician proved also to be a philosopher, for he smilingly answered: "In spite of our cares, we ought not become invidious."

How I longed for Lady Bobs and the open country! The city with its vesper sing-song murmur, the country with its chapel stillness, and the mountains with their incense haze, all called to me at once, and my spirit drifted out of the window, but the little scientist called it back. He broke the silence with: "Your friends in America, do many of them speech Volapük?"

"What?" I gasped.

And he politely explained, since I did not seem to catch his meaning, that by Volapük he meant the universal language. I looked on the floor for the forty-seven dollars I had lost in Chicago and answered, "A few."

I now devoted myself with enthusiasm to the large gentleman, and tried not to hear the little church-bells clanging. When a little man asks you calmly if your friends "speech Volapük," you owe it to your friends not to let him speak again.

I tried a Portuguese sentence upon him of the smiles. He jumped up with joy, walked around his chair, and sat down again on the edge of it, saying: "Very good! Ver—y good! Do you know, you, I understand you. You will arrive to speak. 'Oo teach you?'"

He mopped his whole head well after this effort, and fanned himself with his pocket-handkerchief, while I seized the opportunity to leave the room. I came back calmed, and showed with pride the seven text-books of Portuguese that had been recommended to me by as many different people. He looked

them over carefully, but sadly put them aside, saying: "We must sponge it."

Then he wrote the name of an eighth book, telling me, as he laid his index finger along the bridge of his nose, that I would find it "very usefulness."

After this somehow we seemed to get on, and I began to feel myself understood. It was like a hand held out in the dark, and my soul floated to the surface. I spoke of the difficulties that stood in the way of a perfect and complete understanding between two people who did not know the lights and shades of the language they spoke. Up to this time we had gone on splendidly, but at the words "lights and shades" a cloud came over his face and his smile was touching in its want of definiteness. I tried in many ways to give my meaning. I pointed to a picture and showed him the light and shade of it, then I pointed to the sunlight in the garden and the shadow in the room, saying, "Light, dark." Intelligence came back to his eye, as if by magic, and he said: "Light, dark! Ah, yes, it is the eclipse!"

I called in my soul and locked it firmly in its padded cell.

Alexandra came to the door and looked for Maude, and the conversation began to flag.

In the purple pause that followed, the small gentleman stopped wriggling his knee and followed me into the depths where I was gradually sinking. He asked me if I had seen the statue of *Santa Christ*—I tried not to hear him. He went on to say that the people who carried about a wooden image to represent their Creator were very ignorant, stupid, and savage. In an educational tone he concluded with this axiom: "The scientific world, it has demonstrated as yet to you, the Creator he is a gaseous werthebrate."

Maude fell into the room and looked for Alexandra, and the conversation ceased.

Both gentlemen rose from their chairs, handed out their hands with the same upward curve, dropped their heads to the right, knocked down a few chairs, got mixed up in the doorway, and at last passed out.

I went to my room and walked to the window for air. I saw George lying under a tree with his eyes closed. Victoria's book was folded over her finger and she was looking at him. My dear, she loves him! is n't that awful? That never occurred to me. I thought all this time that it was mother's matrimonial engineering, planned with a compass and a T-square. That this pale-eyed statue could love anything never entered my mind.

My love to you and Frank, and a hug for each of the kiddies. It's been so long!

KATE.

LETTER XII

A BONFIRE AND A FEW FIREWORKS

PONTA DELGADA.

NORA, DEAR:

There have been events!

I hope that I may be able to tell you of them without becoming anarchistic, but I doubt it. At the very thought of the last days my indignation runs riot, and my soul is in danger of spontaneous combustion. Paradoxically enough, there is a happy little prelude to my wrath, and I will begin with that.

It was the Fourth of July, and the day before Tom's ship was to sail for England. We had arranged a bonfire party for the Rua do Beco. Tom and George and Dr. Morgan and I spent a very amusing forenoon going from one shop to another, buying sky-rockets and the silly little bombs that the Azorian child loves. In America we plan our lives so that we may be in the heart of the Adirondack forests on the Fourth, but in foreign countries we yearn toward the rockets and firecrackers and the children that go with them. We turned the tennis-court over to the Independence celebration, and invited all the English to come and see us do it. It was like Lady Bobs to enter into our merry-making and fly a flag of truce upon that day with the Rua do Beco.

The news of the evening *festa* had gone down both sides of the street. About ten in the morning the first squad of children arrived to reconnoitre.

They were relieved at odd times, but in the afternoon they all settled down to stay. I tried taking a picture of them, for which they promised, under oath, that they would go home and eat their suppers. The promise was given solemnly, and they meant to keep it, and down the driveway they galloped out of the garden, to our intense relief. It is one thing to make up one's mind to three hours' hospitality, but to have ten hours of it thrust upon one was quite another part of speech.

I think it was all of fifteen minutes when the whole of the Rua do Beco quietly strolled in again and looked at me straight in the eyes and smiled. Their explanation was that they could jump over the fire better if they did n't eat. I had no argument handy, so they sat themselves on the ground, perfectly contented to wait five hours more; and I took a walk.

When at last the tennis-court was thrown open the children tumbled in like a gallery for a melodrama; and from then on the Rua do Beco held sway. The big boys jumped over the fire with the finest enjoyment, and the little fellows danced about; while the girls and their mothers sat near the garden walls in quiet obscurity, as all Portuguese women are expected to do.

George entered into the fun as much as Tom and Dr. Morgan did. It kept the three of them busy to pick up the small boys, who seemed to get their chief delight from falling as near as possible into the fire.

It was charming to see how my little ragamuffins took to George. I envied his understanding all their chatter. I did n't know that he spoke Portuguese; it seems that he "picked it up" out in Brazil.

Most of the foreign colony had come up to watch the children, but there were only my two officers from the ship. We certainly needed the whole crew to manage the sparks that picked out the twins to light upon. Alexandra was either squealing to Maude or Maude was squealing to Alexandra, but the sky-rockets did their best not-

withstanding, and shot up to the night and showered down their stars without the least regard for the British twins.

The tar-barrels flared and made bright the faces of the dark figures hopping within its hoop of light. Over the flames George caught my eye, and the bonfire and the children slipped out of the scene, and we two were in the sea alone. I could hear the ocean's undertone, and feel the tide washing me to him again and again.

Tom came up and dragged me in to supper, and we left the children to uninterrupted enjoyment. Tom attacked his sandwiches with the appetite of a hired man, and George was asked to pass lemonade to Victoria, Alexandra, and Maude. Mrs. DeGrey had all the other men busy.

There was a good deal of the talk that is common at gatherings where women predominate. Mrs. DeGrey drew attention to the pineapples, and every one had something original to say on the subject. Mrs. DeGrey put her glass on a table that was not steady on its feet, and everybody had something to say about objects that were not steady on their feet—except the men.

Dr. Morgan was more than usually quiet, and Tom talked to himself. I overheard him saying: "The average society woman has a storage of words located somewhere north of her heart and south of her brain, which she propels out into the open, in their proper sequence, by means of a hot-air machine."

The outsiders gradually went to their several homes, but the children danced about the waning fire. I was not at all surprised, a little later, to find myself out on the balcony, away from the rest, with Dr. Morgan. As I have said before, it is a little way he has. But his silence grew full of meaning. At last he said: "We are going away tomorrow, and I don't know when I shall see you again." He held himself very straight. "We sailors must speak when the chance is given us. Will you marry me—Kate?"

I caught my breath and tried to speak, but he went on.

"I know you have n't been thinking about me in that way, but I love you the best I know how. I could n't take the chances of going away without speaking. Do you think you can?"

He was so earnest, and I was so sorry. I wished with all my heart that I could have said yes. I like him so much, Nora. But I told him as quietly as I could that I did n't think I was the right woman for him, and some day when he found the woman that was waiting for him he'd be very glad that I had not said yes.

He glanced into the room and looked at George—and I knew that he understood. The pain in a strong man's face is a very difficult thing to look upon, and I was silent while he battled with the hurt. At last he raised his face from his hands and said simply: "Oh, Kate, I love you so."

Close to us I heard Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter's too musical laugh. She rose from her chair in a dark corner and came leisurely towards us. Dr. Morgan turned his back, and I faced her as she spoke.

"Oh, really, I'm so sorry. I had no idea that I was going to step into a proposal. But since I have," and she raised her voice so it was quite audible to those we had left in the room, "I suppose that I may offer my congratulations."

I looked her full in the eyes and answered, "Yes." I could not allow this cruel woman to probe his open wound. She held out her hand to me, but I still looked straight into her pale eyes until they trembled and shifted and fell upon her empty hand. It was but a second, as time goes, but I knew then as surely as I shall ever know anything that she had overheard all that Dr. Morgan and I had said, and that her plan was deliberate.

She carelessly arranged her shawl over her shoulders and turned into the room, and we could hear her saying: "What a handsome couple they will make. I could not help overhearing, really."

Dr. Morgan seemed to wake as from a stupor, and started after her. I tried to stop him, but he went into the

room. Those who had heard Mrs. DeGrey were just the people she intended should hear her. Tom stepped up quickly in his hearty, boyish, way, and stopped Dr. Morgan. "So, old man, you are for coming into the family, are you?"

I don't think that I have ever in my life been in a more painful complication. There was a pause. It could not have been long, but it was long enough for me to see George's face, and to turn quickly from it; long enough for Dr. Morgan to impress the whole atmosphere with suspended tension; and long enough for Lady Bobs to see the whole truth of the situation in my face.

The drawn lines about Dr. Morgan's mouth weakened into the shadow of a smile, and he said to Tom: "I've asked your cousin to marry me, Tommy, but——"

Lady Bobs moved quickly to him, and put her hand on his arm: "Wait one moment, Doctor, please," and she laughed pleasantly. "This is a family affair, and I'm sure that you want to talk it over with Mr. Tom alone. It would be intrusion for us to let you finish. Mrs. DeGrey did n't play fair, she really did n't.—No, not another word. You two boys go out on the balcony and talk it over first." And she gently put them both out.

I slipped into a chair and took a deep breath. I saw the twins sitting bolt upright, side by side, and I knew that the weather-cock was pointing straight at the storm. I never shall forget the conflicting emotions, all at white heat, that woke to life in Victoria's face as Lady Bobs turned back into the room.

Mrs. DeGrey stood perfectly still; her arms hung rigidly at her sides, her hands clasped the ends of her shawl, and she looked at Lady Bobs. She dropped her head a little to one side and said drawlingly: "Am I to understand, Hester, that you criticise me?"

Lady Bobs repeated quietly: "You did not play fair."

"Not play fair? Really! What can you mean? I find a young lady alone on the balcony with a gentleman who is making love to her. I take it for

granted that he is asking her to marry him. She tells me that he is. The gentleman seems disconcerted, I'll admit, yet you accuse me of not playing fair. Perhaps," and she smiled with covert meaning, "perhaps George thinks there has not not been fair play?"

He ignored her insinuation, and answered almost as quietly as his sister, "You cheated."

And then the storm broke. It is unpleasant to see a woman lose her self-control, and there are some things we pass over even with our enemies; and I pass over this. Lady Bobs's good breeding prevailed over the scene in the end, and when George accepted the commission to order the yacht *Regent* to be in readiness in the morning, Mrs. DeGrey thanked him with some return of dignity, to which he replied: "Please don't mention it." And he said it very solemnly.

The DeGrey-Streeter crew tacked out of the room, and Lady Bobs and I went to the balcony and said our good-byes to Tom and Dr. Morgan.

By tacit consent we all dropped the unhappy subject. Lady Bobs's tact carried us over the awkwardness, and before we knew it we were talking naturally and easily. She handled the parting with the charm and grace that are peculiarly hers. If you could have come in upon us then and seen our nice, orderly manners, you never would have dreamed of the chaotic evening that had preceded.

From my room I heard Dr. Morgan call George to the balcony. I could hear his voice quite distinctly. He was saying: "There's been a misunderstanding here to-night, and I want to clear it up now."

Tom broke in. "Look here, Captain Carey, I don't want to be hard on Mrs. DeGrey, but she's a cat. She caught Morgan with his guard down, and landed him one. You're an old friend of Kate's, and among us men this thing ought to be straightened out. Here, have a cigar, boys; and Carey, just walk along with us toward the quay, will you?"

I watched them as they came out

into the garden and lit their cigars and sauntered down the driveway.

If your sympathies have carried you to the depths of that night, I think you will be as glad as I was to revert to the children. I was still standing at the window when the last group came straggling out of the tennis-court, holding burning brands of wood and shaking sparks into the air.

The American flag was floating from the staff, and the children were passing under it. Their sweet young voices were in sharp contrast to the harsh notes still ringing in my ears. Unconscious of any of the complications of life, they went back contentedly to their simple homes. And no matter how far these children will wander as men, it is not in the Azorian heart to forget his family hearth. It is this love of home and their own people that has made that most beautiful word of theirs, *saudade*. We have no single word for it; it is full of longing, and loving, and home. The young Rua do Beco did not know it yet, and it was comforting to see them going to their own hearths careless and happy.

But I closed my casements and lit my candle—and I knew.

*Eu tenho saudade de minha terra.**

KATE.

LETTER XIII

A TRYSTING PLACE BY THE SEA

PONTA DELGADA.

MY DEARS:

The last letters that I can send to America go out to-night, and I send this with them. When it reaches you, the *Dona Maria* and I shall be ploughing "God's own profound," and I know that I shall carry your blessings with me. The yacht with Lady Bobs and George will reach you before I do, and they will bring you other tidings.

I wonder how I can best tell you what these last days have been. What would I not give to have you here with me to-day!—I want to talk to you; besides, I feel that I owe it to these

* I have the longing for my own land.

islands that you should be here. I have said so much of the rain and dampness in between the other complications deeper than the weather, that I feel that nothing short of living this day through could do justice to it. I have tried to write to you for days, but here I have sat in the calm of exhaustion, with not a sentence formed. The sea, stretched before me like a blue magnet, drew my eyes again and again to where the yacht *Regent* had been, and was not.

Oh, the fascination that that empty spot of water had for me, and still has! I sank among the cushions and smiled at a sky green as a robin's egg, that plunged into banks of white clouds hanging low. It was peaceful to listen to the birds singing, and to know that the twins were seasick. I don't know which enjoyed this smiling of the gods most, the birds or I—the birds that sang through the rain, or I who grumbled. They fairly burst their little throats with notes too big for them, as they pirouetted upon tiny twigs, too slender, one would think, to support their shadows. Don't tell me that they did n't know that the *Regent* had sailed away in a huff. Everything knew it. The moon has been on a broad grin ever since, and the sun shook its sides with such pleasure that a delicious shower of shine has been coming down ever since.

It took about one of these days to bring me to the Portuguese frame of mind of "*Não faz mal.*"* One can understand that with the memory of such days, when the tide of the Azorian's life splashes a bit, he can shrug his shoulders and say truly, "*Não faz mal.*" Why should anything matter upon these floating shrines when such days are, and will be again—and the DeGrey-Streeters have gone?

But, my dearest friend, I'm not writing the thing that I want to say to you; I'm working around the edges, pausing to put my hand upon the heart of it.

Last night Lady Bobs and George and I started for a stroll. It was the

first walk we had had alone in many days. I missed Tom, and felt that I ought to meet him somewhere standing in the middle of the street, laughing at something. We had gone only a short distance when Lady Bobs turned her ankle. She would n't hear of our going back, but insisted upon George and me going on without her. I did n't like to do it, but she was adamant, and we walked on until we had left the city behind.

We turned into a pretty avenue of trees, with its nest of little homes and its sweet name of Bethlehem. We walked slowly, looking at the colored cottages and their gardens all nestling under the avenue of oaks and silver poplars. We did n't say anything, but I knew that we were both thinking of a home. I have always wanted a little house with a garden that was my very own, and under these oaks and silver poplars I had the *saudade* for my day-dream home.

Under the trees the sound of the sea came to us, and we turned and followed it.

We came to the rocks and the foam and the undertone. I was waiting and he was waiting. He leaned on the low wall and looked beyond the rocks to where the coast of Africa lies. I sat on the wall and let myself listen.

The pause had come.

One by one the empty days that had smothered our memories and stood between us slipped away frightened and spiritless; a bolt shot back and our hearts spoke—they said so much, and our lips said so little.

George took something from his pocket and held it in his hand. I saw the Victoria Cross. I did n't know that he had won it, and I wondered why he never wore it. He laid his cap on the wall and said: "I can't wear this without you. You are the best in my life, and I need you. Will you pin it on, Kate?"

I don't know how it was, Nora, but there was the great ocean of loneliness, and there was the little nest of homes under the oaks and silver poplar trees, and I loved him—so—I pinned the cross over his heart, and—

* Nothing matters.

Well, we walked back toward the pale-green sunset sky and the golden clouds of the west, with the scent of the grapevines in the air. Lady Bobs was coming down the chapel steps (with never a limp), saying: "You 're ever so lateish."

She looked at George and then at me. We nodded our heads. She

looked again, and then said: "Well, it has taken me four long months of scheming to manage you two." There was a little break in her voice. "But, oh, my children, I am so happy." And Lady Bobs sat down on the chapel steps and sobbed.

That 's all, dear.

KATE.

(The End.)



A Concord Note-Book

Thoreau and Ellery Channing

FIFTH PAPER

By F. B. SANBORN

ONE source of information has been singularly passed over by the biographers of the Concord authors,—the records of the ancient Concord Lyceum, founded nearly eighty years ago, and reckoning among its lecturers all those authors except Hawthorne, Louisa Alcott, and Mrs. Jane Austen. Emerson and his brother Charles spoke there more than a hundred times,—Charles three or four and Waldo the rest. Thoreau gave nearly twenty lectures, and was for some years an active "curator" or secretary for the promotion of the lectures. In one of his pages, some sixty years ago, he says: "How much might be done for a town with \$100! I myself have provided a select course of twenty-five lectures for a winter, together with room, fuel, and lights, for that sum,—which was no inconsiderable benefit to every inhabitant." I had the curiosity to look up this matter, and found it was in the winter of 1842-3 that these lectures

were given,—and surely a more noteworthy list of speakers could hardly be found in any city course. They were Emerson (three), George Bancroft, Theodore Parker, Horace Greeley, O. A. Brownson (an early friend of Thoreau), Dr. Charles T. Jackson (the chemist and geologist, Mrs. Emerson's brother), Henry Giles, Dr. E. H. Chapin, then of Charlestown, afterward of New York; Dr. Edward Jarvis, James Freeman Clarke, Thoreau himself, Wendell Phillips, James Richardson, Thoreau's classmate; Charles Lane, the English friend of Alcott, then resident in Concord before going to found the community at Fruitlands; E. W. Bull, then busy inventing the far-famed Concord grape, and half a dozen speakers of less name.

Thoreau's money account of that winter stands on a page of the Lyceum records. He received and accounted for \$109.20, but he left a balance of \$9.20 in the treasury. For the lecture-

room, lighted and warmed, he paid \$31.25; to Messrs. Bancroft, Brownson, Giles, and Jackson he paid \$10 each; to Dr. Chapin \$8; to Mr. Parker \$3; to Emerson, Phillips, Greeley, and himself nothing. Many of the lecturers were entertained for the night at Emerson's house, others by the Thoreaus, by Squire Hoar, Mrs. Brooks, and other hospitable people. Phillips lectured just before Christmas, 1842, much to the chagrin of some of the town magnates, who did not wish to have emancipation discussed in their village forum. In years before this date Emerson had given single lectures and courses in this forum,—always gratuitously: in 1834-5 on "The Study of Natural History," "The Study of Biography,"—on Martin Luther and Michael Angelo; in 1837 six lectures on "Human Culture," in 1839 seven lectures in one course, in 1840 nine lectures. Thoreau gave chapters from his own books first as lectures,—in 1845 one on "Concord River," in 1849 on "White Beans" and "Walden," and in 1847, while still living in his hermitage at Walden, he lectured two weeks in succession on "The History of Myself," the MS. of which afterwards made a considerable part of "Walden." Even Ellery Channing gave one lecture in this Lyceum in 1852,—his thoughts on "Society."

Plymouth was then nearly allied to Concord in plain living and high thinking; and from the late Marston Watson, whom Alcott styled "Plymouth's Evelyn," I had, some dozen or twenty years since, these recollections:

"You should have seen Emerson when he first came from Europe in 1833, reading in our Plymouth Lyceum his lectures on Italy, like a good boy,—religion and philosophy being tabooed. The poor man hardly knew what to preach about for awhile,—but preach he must. He never failed to read everything he wrote, from the first, in Plymouth; especially after he began to feel the attraction of Miss Jackson. Fortunately for us he had several very strong friends in Plymouth from the earliest period. I heard everything. I was twelve years old

when he first appeared above our horizon. The first time I remember him in my father's house was in 1832, when my nephew, William Goodwin (Professor Goodwin of Harvard now) was a baby. Emerson said, 'What a beautiful voice that boy has!'

"There was Goethe's 'intermaxillary bone,'—I think Emerson was more proud of that than of anything else; and he was always more proud of his science than his poetry. He had the prophetic mind,—and also the story of the siege of Troy. . . . Emerson and Thoreau both addressed our Plymouth congregation in Leyden Hall on Sunday mornings in 1852—an enterprise I undertook about that time. I find among the other distinguished men who there addressed us the names of Alcott, Phillips, Garrison, Edmund Quincy, Ellery Channing, Wentworth Higginson, Jones Very (my Greek tutor in college), Wasson, W. H. Hurlbut, Adin Ballou, Dr. W. F. Channing, Sam Johnson, C. L. Remond, and others. About that time Thoreau made a thorough survey of 'Hillside' [Mr. Watson's estate], Mr. Alcott and I carrying the chains. We spent some memorable days in the operation, and I have the surveys, and Thoreau's receipt in full, which I prize highly."

It was in one of these visits to Plymouth that Thoreau appeared one day on the "backside" of Clarke's Island, owned by the Watson family in Plymouth Bay, and then farmed by Edward Watson, living in his old mansion, to which his ancestors had retreated in the days of the Revolution. Marston Watson used to spend some weeks there in the summer, and it was to call on him that Thoreau came. "Uncle Ed.," as we called him—in fact, the uncle of Marston,—was "saggin' round" his island, as he was wont to say,—to see that all was right alongshore, when he picked up Thoreau, whom some fishermen had just dropped from Duxbury on that odd side of the island. Mrs. Watson tells the story:

" 'How did you come here?' 'Oh,' said Thoreau, 'I started to walk across from Duxbury, and these good friends took me over the channel.' As they

walked to the Watson house, E. W. said: 'Mr. Thoreau, you say in one of your books, that you once lost a horse and a hound and a dove; now I should like to know what you mean by that.' 'Why,' replied Thoreau, 'everybody has met with losses, has he not?' 'A pretty answer to give a fellow!' says Uncle Ed. It was a hot sweltering day in late June, when E. W. at Hillside said he must go home to the island and shear the poor suffering sheep. With a slightly sarcastic tone Thoreau said: 'Ah! you gentlemen of property must look after it.' 'Why,' said E. W., 'everybody has something to go home to,—you have your desk, or something, have n't you?' This arrow, shot at a venture, hit the mark, for Thoreau could scarcely write a line away from his green desk. One evening at the island he described the early Norse voyagers and the coming over of some of his own family who were shipwrecked. He said he asked a shopkeeper on Cape Cod by what route he came to Provincetown. 'I was cast ashore here,' was the pat answer. Thoreau gave a fine account of the early voyagers, strong and breezy; it carried you along with it. We had always thought our Pilgrim Fathers were worthy of some notice; they too had a right to fame; they colonized a country. But the daring enterprise of the Vikings took for the time the wind out of their sails. What were liberty, religion, a good constitution, wise laws? Why, nothing to that bold, adventurous spirit of the Norsemen. Not one word that he said can be now remembered, but it took hold of us and carried us along as with an 'o'ertaking blast' from the north. Thoreau sat in a chair by the open window, and his long arms went out in gestures as he described the voyage. One after another the island boys looked in at the window, and sat down outside, their earnest weather-beaten faces turned towards the speaker. Their circle of bright, adventurous spirits listened eagerly; they too would one day spread the sail to the breeze and visit far-off lands. I think Thoreau was a true sailor.

Sometimes it seems to me
The world they travel o'er
Is better known to me,
Who dwell upon the shore."

Marston Watson was two years after Thoreau in Harvard, but remembered him there, "always in a green coat,—green because the authorities required a black one, I suppose. My impression is that he was then a man of mark, an original thinker, who did not follow the college curriculum, but went across lots, as Yankees say. Stearns Wheeler and Jones Very rather made a pet of me in college. Very, after a walk to Mount Auburn, whither he usually went to give the last finish to his sonnets, would come into my room [Massachusetts, 22, second entry], opposite his own room, and recite to me his last production, with great unction. I got the first edition of his finest sonnets in that way. What a time he had with his essay on Hamlet, along with old Professor Edward Channing (uncle of Ellery), who was not a bit transcendental! He never quite realized what Very was after, but did him a vast deal of good, with great patience, and in the kindest manner. Very felt much indebted to him, as who did not? He was the most genuine of our instructors at college in that period."

Ellery Channing had this same opinion of his uncle, the rhetorical professor, and told me that he was the foremost of the Channing brothers, and so considered. "He was the ablest of that family, and remarkable in conversation, full of anecdote, and very good-natured; he lived where Dr. Beck afterwards did, near Quincy Street. His wife was Harriet Ellery, his first cousin; and Dr. Channing also married his first cousin, Ruth Gibbs. James Coolidge, afterwards a minister, was at school and college with me; he married my cousin, Mary Rogers, the daughter of Dr. Channing's sister. I went often to the Saturday-night suppers at George Ticknor's, when he lived on Tremont Street, not many doors from Winter Street; I must have been there fifty times, as a boy or youth. I was much at the houses of Dr. Par-

sons, the dentist, father of the poet, and of Dr. Flint, both living in Winter Street and very kind, hospitable people. They had enriched themselves by their practice before middle life, so skilful were they in the profession; but Dr. Parsons was rather looked down upon."

He often spoke of Washington Allston, who had married his aunt, and who painted her as the angel in his picture of "St. Peter in Prison," now at the Worcester Hospital. He said of Allston and his contemporaries, Fisher and Doughty: "Fisher, a painter in Boston, used to paint landscapes, — rarely with figures; he and another artist named Doughty were the Boston painters; they did not achieve fame, exactly, but they did a good deal of work, and exhibited pictures every year at the old Athenæum. Those exhibitions were a good thing; everybody went to see the paintings; I used to spend a solid month each year at the Athenæum among them; there have not been any so good since, in my judgment. Allston's pictures were shown there; and those of Fisher and Doughty; those two delighted in gorgeous colors, such as are never seen in nature, — in purple and other strange hues; nobody paints like that nowadays." I said there are better exhibitions to be seen now at the Art Museum every day in the year; "all those Allston paintings that you used to look at are there now." "Well," said Channing, "there are too many of them; you never ought to see many of Allston's pictures together; two would be enough; it injures them to be seen in a mass. Allston had not the least sense of humor; he once exhibited a man in Boston painted with intensely vermilion breeches! Everybody laughed at it; I viewed it with horror; never did anyone wear breeches of that color, except the clown on the stage; yet Allston saw nothing ludicrous in it."

In July, 1897, Mr. Channing was uncommonly expansive on his early life in Boston and New York, his visits to his uncle, Dr. Channing, and his father's cousin, Miss Gibbs, whose

sister, Ruth, was the wife of Dr. W. E. Channing, and in whose house in Mt. Vernon Street, near Louisburg Square, Dr. Channing lived in his later years. The father of Miss Gibbs had married Miss Channing, the aunt of Dr. Channing, and in this family there was wealth, chiefly in possession of Miss Gibbs, who bought the Boston house in order that her sister and brother-in-law might live with her, as she lived with them at the Gibbs place, "Oaklands," five miles from Newport, R. I. In her Boston dining-room she had Allston's large painting of Jeremiah and Baruch, three or four feet from the dining-table, and Ellery from boyhood was placed opposite that painting, at the table. "Did you not get tired of it?" No, I was fond of it, and of Mr. Allston who painted it, and who married my Aunt Ann. She died in London in 1815, before I was born, and afterwards Allston married Miss Dana, who built a house for him at Cambridge. I have often taken tea with him there, and then he would smoke cigars and talk until midnight, telling stories of his life abroad, in Rome, where he met Coleridge, and in England, where he knew Gainsborough, Opie, Northcote, Turner, Sir G. Beaumont, and the other painters. Very seldom did he cross the bridge into Boston, but once a year or so went to see Dr. Channing, and sit up with him till after midnight, talking.

"Miss Gibbs was a fervent Episcopalian, but one of the best, plainest, and most appreciative women in the world. She adopted her nephew, Wolcott Gibbs, who inherited the most of her property; but she was very generous with it while she lived. In her house Dr. William Alcott, cousin of Bronson Alcott, wrote many of his books, — in an unfurnished parlor, next to the dining-room, where he had a table and a few chairs. He did not live there, but used that as his writing-room. He was a large, bony, serious person, seemingly without imagination; yet he wrote those books which were full of fancies, 'The House I Live In,' etc., and they were quite popular. He was the most honest and straightfor-

ward of men, and this interested Miss Gibbs in him, I suppose."

Mr. Channing, two years later, in 1899, talked about his uncle, Dr. Channing, Mr. Garrison, Emerson, and Thoreau. Of Dr. Channing he said: "He was the most gentle, soft, religious person,—very different from those cultivated merchants of Boston who made a circle by themselves, and did not care for anti-slavery, or the other reform movements. They stood by the South in support of slavery, and hated Mr. Garrison. I stood in front of Redding's bookstore in State Street, October 21, 1835, and saw Mr. Garrison brought out of the side door of the Old State House, at the head of State Street, and put into a common theatre hack, to be driven to the Leverett Street Jail. There he passed that night, and there Mr. Alcott called to see him, after driving back from Concord, where he had been making his first call on Mr. Emerson. Mr. Garrison was accompanied by one man only, and put hastily into the carriage which at once drove away. He had a rope about his neck—that I remember distinctly—it had been cut, when he was rescued from the mob, and taken into the Mayor's office; but it was still hanging from his neck. There were very few persons about the head of State Street at the time,—3.30 or 4 P.M.,—the mob had gone, and I think the Riot Act must have been read to them. Mayor Lyman was not a person of much force; he directed the ladies who were holding their meeting in a hall up one flight, on Washington Street, north of State, to go home for fear of bloodshed; and his course must have dispersed the mob,—how else should there have been so few about? I remember the hall well, for it was opposite the auction-room of Mr. Baker, who sold books every night till ten o'clock, and I was there very often. So was Burnham, the bookseller; he bought largely at those auctions. The sign on the door of the Women's Anti-Slavery Society was noticeable, but I never saw them in session, for I was there only in the evening, when, I suppose, they did not meet. I knew Mr. Garrison by sight,

and recognized him as he got into the carriage."

One night Mr. Channing was particularly vigorous in his remarks on the difference between the scenery of New Hampshire and the character of its people, compared with those of Massachusetts.

In 1897, recalling his youthful visits to the White Mountains (between 1832 and 1839), he said he used to go up from Conway through the Notch, sometimes on foot and sometimes on the stage-coach,—and once old Abel Crawford, the father of Ethan and Tom Crawford, carried him in his wagon from the Notch down to Conway. "He was a very handsome old man, with snow-white hair and florid complexion, straight as an arrow at seventy-five years old, and very generous and tender-hearted,—a real gentleman,—far superior to his sons. Ethan had been a fine fellow, tall, handsome, and humorous,—but he fell into drinking habits,—it was heart-breaking to see the change in him, and it afflicted his father very much. Tom Crawford was very unlike Ethan and his father,—penurious to the last degree,—always saving money and charging for everything."

It seems that Captain Rosebrook, from Grafton, Mass., came to what has since been called the "Giant's Grave," in 1792, at the age of forty-five, and there built a large house (afterwards the Mount Washington House), great barns, mills, etc., and reclaimed much land from the forest; this he afterwards bequeathed to Ethan Crawford, who took care of him in his last illness. He died in 1817, and there Ethan Crawford entertained travellers for twenty years or more. It was twelve miles from his house to his father's, who lived eight miles down the Notch; while Tom Crawford built his inn at the very gate of the Notch, and cut a path up Mount Washington, over Mount Willard and other peaks. "How often have I walked over those summits to the top of the range! It seemed a very easy walk. I used to go early,—before the middle of June, and stay till the summer visitors began to come, and fill up

the house; then I went off. I have stayed in old Abel Crawford's house, too, not far from the Willey House, and not so very long after the destruction of the Willey family by an avalanche, in 1826. Oh, it was the loveliest region! the air seemed to be perfumed, and there was something so enlivening in it. I was never there in autumn—never when the leaves were falling. There is something native and original in the character of those New Hampshire people, which you never see in Massachusetts; why is it, Mr. Sanborn? Do you think living among those mountains, in that fresh, wild scenery, with so much hunting, has anything to do with it? The Massachusetts people have something narrow and small about them,—not the generous native strength of the New Hampshire people." (As I am from New Hampshire, this looked a little like flattery; so I said: "There are mean persons everywhere; but no doubt the way of life in early New Hampshire, when the people had to encounter Indians, wild beasts, etc., and to care for themselves, without much oversight from parsons and squires, had something to do with those traits you mention.")

Channing had noticed many things in those early trips to the mountain-land. "The forest came down to the edge of the road, and the great plague in summer was the black flies,—so bad that the men who worked on the roads always had fires burning to make a smudge to keep the flies away; but for that they would have been eaten up. There was good trout-fishing, and Dr. Bemis, a dentist in Boston, used to spend much time there; trout-fishing; he understood that perfectly." Bears were still shot now and then, and old Abel Crawford, who had some encounters with that brute, said "he did not like bear's meat—it made him feel the claws again, to eat it." Channing had never heard that rattlesnakes were eaten by Indians and frontiersmen, in the form of soup; but I read him from the campaign journal of Rev. Wm. Rogers, of Rhode Island, who went with General Sullivan's army against

the Six Nations in 1779, this anecdote: "June 20th, the artillery soldiers killed two or three rattlesnakes, and made, as I understand, a good meal of them." Brant, the Indian half-breed, suffering from fever and ague, the next spring (April, 1780), "watching upon the southern side of a hill, where serpents usually crawl forth in the spring to bask in the sunshine, caught a rattlesnake, which was immediately made into a soup, and Brant ate it; a speedy cure was the consequence." At least, Colonel Stone says this, in his "Life of Brant." All this was new to Channing, who said there was a prejudice against eating snakes,—no doubt the effect of imagination.

Speaking of his Mediterranean voyage, Channing said that once, as they were near Marseilles, a sirocco came on; the clouds grew very yellow, and the wind struck the vessel with great force; only the captain and he kept the deck; but it was soon over. The same prevalence of yellow was seen in the Mediterranean sunsets: "we never have that peculiar color in our sunsets. The coast from Genoa to Marseilles is dangerous in such squalls,—no beach, but the cliffs and rocks come down to the water's edge, so that if the vessel ran ashore all would be lost."

One night I brought home several new volumes on Goethe,—among them Biedermann's "Goethe's Gespräche," a collection of his sayings in conversation, from 1765 to his death, with accounts of his personal appearance, manners, etc. I read to Channing Cousin's interview in 1817, and also Ticknor's interview in 1816, and several versions of Goethe's conversations with Napoleon at Weimar, in 1808. Napoleon was urging Goethe to write a tragedy on the subject of Julius Cæsar, telling him it should be in a grander style than Voltaire's. "A work like that might become the chief task of your life; in such a tragedy one should show the world how Cæsar would have made mankind happy, if they had given him time to execute his vast plans; (*il faudrait montrer au monde comme Cæsar aurait pu faire le bonheur de l'humanité, si on lui avait laissé le temps d'exécuter*

ses vastes plans." Then Napoleon added: "Come to Paris! I require it of you; you would find there immense material for your poetic creations." Upon this Channing gave a groan and said: "How ignorant that man was of everything but making war! he was very stupid in everything about literature; I suppose he had never read more than four or five books in his life." "Yes," I added, "and one of those was 'Ossian.'"

Apropos of what Goethe said to Ticknor about Byron,—that his poetry showed great knowledge of human nature and great talent of description,—Channing said: "Goethe had a wrong conception of Byron, and exaggerated his merits. He read 'Don Juan' and did not notice the objectionable things in it; said that it showed Byron's genius at its highest exaltation, and such things. To be sure, there are some of the best things in 'Don Juan' which Byron ever wrote." Of Goethe's manner, Channing said it always made the same impression on those who saw him; it was very grave and weighty. I said in that respect, not in their personal appearance, there was much resemblance between Emerson and Goethe; he was silent, and said he did not know how that was. "But Goethe was a much bigger person than Emerson; he had three dinners cooked for them, and ate them; he produced a great impression, so that Heine, when first meeting him, instead of the fine things he had thought to say, made that famous remark about the plums beside the road. There was the same gravity about Heine afterwards, as about Goethe." I said, in their youth there was variety and liveliness enough. I read to Channing what Cousin says of Goethe's conversation: "It is not possible to give you an idea of the charm of Goethe's talk; everything is personal, yet all has the magic of the universal (*la magie de l'infini*); precision and breadth, clearness and force, affluence and simplicity, and an indefinable grace are all in his conversation. He conquered me at last, and I listened with delight. He passed without effort from one thought to another, shedding

on each a light vast and mild, enlightening and enchanting me. His soul unfolded before me with the purity, facility, temperate splendor, and energetic simplicity of Homer's." (Jefferson remarked of Patrick Henry: "He seemed to me to speak as Homer wrote.")

Mr. Channing said: "In Goethe's time nothing whatever was known of the Mycenæan discoveries; all this which Schliemann, Evans, and others have found out was quite unknown then. What a great thing it would have been to Goethe to hear that Schliemann had uncovered all those cities at 'windy Troy,'—he would have made something of it. Whatever he saw, or whatever happened to him, he turned it into literature; nobody does that nowadays. I have been surprised to see that Tennyson took no notice of the archæological discoveries; he might well have done so." I said that Tennyson had much interest in the classic literature; many of his poems are founded on it; and Browning has shown much learning, so far as Greek is concerned. "Are Cæsar, Livy, Sallust, Cicero, still useful in education? Does the child still need to learn so much about Roman history? Could not a history of his own country be made to answer the purpose?" I told him it is the history of the human race that is wanted, not of any particular country; but the Romans had so large a share in that history that their part could not be neglected. It is curious, however, that, after Tacitus, Latin historians of Rome are for three or four centuries less important than the Greek historians; like Dion Cassius, and the later men, who wrote in Greek even if their subject were Roman. Plutarch, who described Roman heroes, wrote in Greek, though he often visited and may sometimes have lived in Rome. Channing said that Emerson's interest in Plutarch was peculiar,—it was in the "Morals" rather than the "Lives,"—he did not know of his ever reading the "Lives." It was the fine writing of the English translation that attracted him; he wrote an introduction for Professor Goodwin's edition of

that old version, published by Little & Brown in 1870; and when Edward Emerson inadvertently copied this paper into a volume printed after his father's death, Little & Brown complained that he had interfered with their copyright—they had bought the essay and paid for it. Channing asked if Plutarch is ever read in schools. I told him it was in mine for half a dozen years; and that the modern Greeks make much use of it in education, and have made several editions, in whole or in part, of the "Lives."

He said that Emerson was a severe schoolmaster; some of his pupils (boys) hated him; he was never sympathetic,—that was not a part of his plan,—and he did not think it his work in life to teach boys. I told him that most of

Emerson's pupils were girls; and I have heard Miss Hannah Stevenson, one of them, say that he was bashful, and the girls sometimes teased him and made him blush. Channing said that Emerson had much difficulty with the titles of his books, particularly "Letters and Social Aims." "People suppose it contains Emerson's letters; then what are Social Aims? I don't know. It would be well to print the books together in larger volumes,—the first and second essays, for instance, might go in one volume. Emerson was rather indefinite in his titles,—gave the same name to several,—'Nature,' for instance." I told him the indefiniteness of the word *Nature* made it the best title,—it would cover so much.

Fiction by Various Hands

IT is possible, though the statement is not to be made dogmatically, that Mr. Maurice Hewlett, in all his succession of legitimately showy triumphs, has done nothing better than this history of a "fool."* A novel that contains one perfectly realized character has a rich, a more than sufficient equipment; it can dispense both with fine embroidery and with panoramic splendor. Francis Antony Strelley, of Upcote, England, whose adventures as a "Fool Errant" take place in Italy, fulfils his author's purpose with an exquisite completeness. From the first page we believe utterly in the artless young hero, uncritically accept him. And as we follow the by no means insipid details of his biography, it is with a sense that nature, rather than Mr. Hewlett, is exhibiting, through the medium of Mr. Strelley's career, a gracious and indulgent irony. There is, to be sure, a whimsical artificiality about the tale; but had there lived in the eighteenth century—as there no doubt did, whatever his name may have been—a Francis Antony Strelley,

he would have written his memoirs with a no less naïve precision. The innocent, chivalric unworldliness that dictated most of the remarkable acts in Francis Strelley's history is well enough defined by the first, almost grotesque, incident which he narrates:

In my twentieth year, in a moment of youthful ardor, I kissed Betty Coy, our dairymaid, over the cheese-press, and was as immediately and as utterly confounded as she was. . . . I devoted a day and a night to solitary meditation; no knight errant of old, watching his arms under the moon, prayed more earnestly than I; and when I had fully made up my mind to embrace what honor demanded of me, I sought out the girl, who was again in the dairy, and in solemn form, upon my knees, offered her my hand.

From this blameless entanglement, as from subsequent ones, fate rescued the gentle youth, even tenderly reserving for his final destiny that "well of bliss," "fountain of nourishment," and "stem of solace," Virginia Strozzi. They are two delightful pictures, those of Virginia and of that cool, shrewd, smiling piece of Italian subtlety, Donna Aurelia. Again, in this novel it is strikingly noticeable that material

* "The Fool Errant." By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan.
\$1.50.

which most artists would find unwieldy becomes in Mr. Hewlett's hands completely obedient and plastic, and that his fundamental virtue of telling a good story directly and well has not become obscured.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

The distinguishing point of Mr. Swinburne's novel,* for whose belated re-publication we should be extremely grateful, is that it derives its agreeable flavor from that rare essence, the "comic spirit." It is pure comedy, both high-spirited and restrained, both caustic and tender. The ancient and tiresome device of telling a story in the form of letters is handled not only with great gayety and wit, but with an exuberant sense of mastery. The reader is entrapped in spite of himself. He not only encounters no dullness, but he can feel no indifference. However little he may care for the somewhat conventional "cross currents" of love, made known through an impossible correspondence, he cannot very well lay aside so sparkling a volume. No book written in the true comic spirit is superficial, and "Love's Cross Currents" is far from being open to such a reproach.

The book makes its reappearance with an utter lack of pretension, Mr. Swinburne remarking in his preface that its "disinterment" is due entirely to the friendly agency of Mr. Watts-Dunton. While essentially a slight performance, it is excellent enough of its kind to add a further ornament even to Mr. Swinburne's reputation, and to suggest to persons with a habit of disinterested melancholy, the pity that the poet did not write a shelf-full of such.

O. H. D.

The charm of Mr. Howells's style is the only inducement offered the "gentle reader" in this book.† The characters are the most commonplace people, who behave in the most commonplace manner. The unavoidable eavesdropping occasioned by the thin-

ness of partitions in a summer hotel provides the plot, which is nearly as thin as the walls in question. An elderly couple, an uncongenial pair, and the usual lovers are drawn with all Mr. Howells's fineness of detail, but it is detail of exterior chiefly. We can hear the rustling dress of one, and the "pounding" upstairs of the other, but we never seem to get down to what they feel; perhaps because there is so little to get down to. The heroine is a very modern young woman, and her conduct is a delicate satire on some modern ways of thinking on old subjects. No one but Mr. Howells could have aroused the least interest in her or her affairs, or have admitted her elderly aunt and uncle to important positions in a modern novel. His humor and easy charm make all things possible.

There need be no burning of the midnight oil over this book. It can be laid down at bedtime and picked up any time next day as easily as a piece of knitting. Perhaps this is not its least recommendation.

CHARLOTTE HARWOOD.

The Bachelors' Club and the Old Maids' Club are happily made one in Mr. Zangwill's last book, and henceforth appear in public as "The Celibates." * "It was inevitable," writes Mr. Zangwill in his "Last Foreword," "that this union should take place and the banns be published by my publisher in ordinary." There were reasons of convenience—"they can live more cheaply together," but aside from mere expediency the spinsters are entitled to new raiment and the company of the bachelors if they choose.

Certainly the Celibates are clever enough. A very battledore and shuttlecock of words and phrases, quips and cranks is kept up, staid and sober quotations are jostled into frivolousness, epigram follows epigram with a tirelessness which suggests a boy's firecracker enthusiasm and the Fourth of July—until one's wits weary of the perpetual *bang* and *fizz*.

But "The Celibates" is not to

* "Love's Cross Current." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Harper. \$1.50.

† "Miss Bellard's Inspiration." By W. D. Howells. Harper. \$1.50.

* "The Celibates." By Israel Zangwill. Macmillan. New York. \$1.50.

be stolidly masticated—it is tabasco rather than oatmeal porridge, and should be used accordingly. In spite of *place aux dames* the first part of the book is occupied by the Bachelors' Club. The walls of the club room were adorned with wisdom appropriately framed—"Marriage is a sacrament of souls; and a profession for women." "Good conduct may lessen the terms of other life sentences, but bad conduct is the only curtailer of marriage." "The only true love is love at first sight; second sight dispels it," were a few of these illuminating texts. Yet member after member fell from grace—married, was lost, and his name written on the memorial tablet under the inscription "Here lied." The chapters are the accounts of their backslidings.

There is the "Fall of Israfil" Mondogo (*né* Davis)—Israfil, the worshipped tenor of the dark and soulful eyes, the passionate moustache, the ineffable hair—Israfil who once had purely aspired to be a singer of the comic, but at whose first appearance before a high-class *matinée* assemblage, the comedy was mistaken for pathos, the burlesque for a song of passion, and

What on earth we're meaning
High Heaven only knows,

brought only sobs for answer from his feminine audience. Thenceforth Mondogo was condemned to harp upon the willow theme, "society onion and passion-flower" he must remain. His marriage was a desperate attempt to ward off the mosquito pest of feminine worship by domesticating, as it were, an *Anophele*. Yet Paderewski or Edward Howard Griggs could have told him that expedient proves but a mere drop of oil on the troublesome waters of the breeding-pools.

Like the Bachelors' the Old Maids' Club is a series of experiences, each being the adventures of a candidate related to prove her eligibility to the club, whereof each member must be under twenty-five, wealthy, beautiful (and engage to continue so) and have received at least one eligible offer of marriage, that the spinsterhood be admitted a virtue rather than a necessity.

Even at the risk of Browning-Clubbing Mr. Zangwill's nonsense one cannot choose but notice the light thrown on social problems. "Servants," says Eustasia Pallas, in giving her reasons for celibacy, "are the asphyxiators of the soul." While a girl may cultivate her soul with a mother to look after the menage, "every faithful wife who aspires to be a housekeeper too, becomes the servant of her servants." They hedge her walk and permeate her conversation. "I have watched a girl," says Eustasia passionately, "my bosom friend at Girton—deteriorate from a maiden to a wife, from a wife to a bondswoman. First she talked Shelley, then Charley, then Mary Ann!" But Eustasia and her philosopher solved the riddle of the modern Sphinx by looking for a mistress instead of servants. In a joint situation as butler and parlor maid they found spiritual peace and complete freedom from housekeeping cares. It is odd Mrs. Gilman has not noted this suggestion.

But there are many cases wherein the truth looks open-eyed—one might almost say "winks"—at the reader from out its frivolous garb. It will be a great oversight if some correspondence school of journalism and fiction does not issue in tract-form the wisdom of O'Roherty whose analysis of the components of a modern novel is as careful as if it were a commercial fertilizer. Valuable also is the experience of "Frank Maddox" the distinguished critic and ex-typewriter, that there is no safer haven for ignorance when adorned with a literary style than in the higher branches of criticism. To teach, one needs a certificate; but to train up the public "in the way it should think"—never! One may discourse sagely of Wagner and be able to perform on no other instrument than his own trumpet. These things encourage the beginner to a larger faith in his latent possibilities.

Of another type than Mr. Zangwill's is Mr. Chesterton's wit. "The Club of Queer Trades" * is fantastic in the

* "The Club of Queer Trades." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. Harper, New York. \$1.25.

plots rather than closely packed with verbal cleverness. Diverting and original as are the experiences of Mr. Zangwill's Celibates, the adventures are not as grotesque nor fantastic as those recorded in the "Club of Queer Trades." Each member of the club must get his living in an unusual way—which he certainly does. Especially ingenious is the account of the clergyman. Throughout the book runs the personality of Basil Grant, the retired justice, supposedly mentally deranged, who is Sherlock Holmes to the Queer Trades. He is an admirable character. Mr. Chesterton, however, is hampered by being expected to do the unexpected, which in the long run must be a trying thing for a writer. Clever and amusing as the stories are, the book is not altogether happy. The blend of the Sherlock Holmes idea with a kind of Alice in Wonderland atmosphere is not wholly successful. One does n't mind being fooled provided one is completely fooled, and the "Queer Trades" seems for the most part unreal. Jules Verne can make his wildest adventures seem probable; one can haunt the midnight streets of Bagdad with Haraoun Al Raschid or hunt the shark with Lewis Carrol in a perfect childlike faith; but these stories of Mr. Chesterton's, full as they are of cleverness and ingenuity, don't "go down." On his own ground of paradox and whimsical cleverness, Mr. Chesterton is wholly delightful; but "The Club of Queer Trades" seems over his border and on Conan Doyle's territory.

"The Courtship of a Careful Man" * is another clever and disappointing book. Mr. Martin writes entertaining—sometimes highly entertaining—dialogue, as any one who read some of these stories when they appeared in the magazine will remember: but in the book all seems to taste of the same cook. His girls may dress differently, but mentally they are clad alike. Eleanor was interesting, but Araminta is Eleanor grown older, Susan Herron is Eleanor embarked on another summer and engaged to another man. Besides, the *dramatis personæ* don't seem particularly well worth knowing. That a young fellow upon falling in love with a "Burnmore" Sophomore should decide to go to work instead of drifting about Europe is an effect an engagement so frequently has on a young man that writing a story about it seems hardly worth while. Short stories, unless there is either a sequence which unites them, or unless each has a strongly distinctive individuality, rarely appear to best advantage within the same covers. There is apt to be a strong family resemblance which, when the reader has perused number one, causes number two to lose, for him, its freshness—the novelty is gone. If blest with a Rooseveltian family of daughters, no mother who is a true diplomat brings them all out at once if the charms of each are to have due effect. A literary parent would incline, one would think, to follow similar tactics.

FRANCES DUNCAN.

* "The Courtship of a Careful Man." By E. S. Martin. Harper. New York. \$1.25.



As Others See Us

By HARRIET MONROE

MR. HENRY JAMES, in one of his studies of French life and art, exclaims upon the "impassable gulf" between the Anglo-Saxon type of mind and the Latin. His own mind being nearer the Gallic type than that of any other English writer, perhaps he speaks with authority in saying that the two races can never understand each other.

We Americans have our opinion of the French code of morals, and in spite of the comments of many observers upon the stern correctness of the typical French woman of the bourgeoisie, we stubbornly visit upon her the sins of the novelists. Well—turn about is fair play; listen a moment to her opinion of us, as expressed in a letter from a clever Parisian whose family has lived for the past five years in one of our cities nearest the Pacific. I translate a few extracts:

In a few years we shall go back to France [she writes], when the children have thoroughly learned English. My husband cannot make up his mind to speak the language and join in the life—that is one reason; and the second is the astonishing mixture of men and manners which we find here. Americans, Chinamen, the drift and riff-raff of all nations; thieves, murderers, polygamists walking the streets with honest people—I assure you we have quite lost our bearings. We are always fooled, no matter what we do. University professors who used to be grocers, school teachers who used to be cocottes, rich women who used to be servants, beggars who used to be marquises, ministers who keep hotels, and churches which serve as theatres and music-halls—how may a simple-minded Parisian find her way among these strange mazes? It is a world which stands on its head with its feet in the air! I thought, a little naively, that I knew life when I arrived here, but I have learned more in five years here than in ten at home. In this city we have the manners of wolves, scandals every day in the papers, about half as many divorces as marriages, and never any babies at all, except among the negroes and the Mexicans!

Ah, it is a pretty life! My husband and I bitterly regret that we have not literary genius, so that we might make out of all this a satire as immortal as "Don Quixote." Our French novelists over in

Paris are stupid. Instead of studying forever our little, commonplace vices, which are always the same, they ought to come over here for a while. They would not need magnifying glasses—these things fairly leap out at one's eyes. Really, one can scarcely call such a country civilized. We return to barbarism, and to a barbarism without grandeur, tainted with all the petty hypocrisies of modern life.

And this woman began by admiring us from afar. Ten years ago, in Paris, she was a girl of such independent character that, at twenty-seven, she still persistently refused to be married off in the usual way by her parents. But as there is no place for spinsters in the French social scheme, this girl untied her mother's apron-strings and travelled alone in America to have a taste of freedom. "I love your independent spirit over here," she used to say; "I walk the streets alone, and go about my business, and nobody bothers me. A woman may have a life of her own and a place in the world, even if she does not choose to marry."

However, soon after returning home, she went over to the majority by meeting and marrying a sufficiently romantic and persistent suitor. And when her husband lost most of his fortune, she recalled her girlish liking for America and brought him and the baby over to begin anew. Now, after five years of honest effort to understand us and be part of our life, she finds herself in a hopelessly topsy-turvy world, and longs for the orderly, classified, systematized society which she fled from.

Perhaps after five more years, if she remain that long, she may begin to understand, may even become reconciled and return to her earlier mood of liking, even though she never bridge the "impassable gulf." Democracy is a large dose for people trained in Old-World traditions. Its obliteration of ancient customs and prejudices strikes them as irreverent, its publicities as indecent; yet obliteration and publicity are the tools of democracy, the one

preparing the way for a new social order, the other testing every new experiment.

Some very pretty old-time virtues are among the things obliterated. Distinction is one and privacy is another—of the lack of both of these in American life Mr. James has recently and with justice accused us. Distinction in man or woman is the quality by which we are reminded that that person is finer than we; therefore it holds us aloof, keeps us in our place—is an aristocratic virtue, in short. In a democracy the finest citizen tries to eliminate from his conduct and manner anything which might keep people aloof from his fineness. He meets people on equal terms, in the spirit of a comrade, gives them his fineness to the utmost; and in this open-hearted comradeship he loses distinction to gain something still better—sympathy and love.

And so privacy is a fine thing for people who either wish or need to live in a corner, for those who are evil and those who are exquisitely modest and retiring. For the former class publicity is a great corrective; it says to each of

us, "So live, that you will not be ashamed if the whole world learns your dearest secret." For the latter class publicity is a stimulant, violent but perhaps salutary. Democracy does not respect privacy because it does not wish people to live in a corner. It needs to know all that is going on—the fine things as well as the foul ones. It needs that people should live in the open, in the eye of the world, expressing themselves, giving their utmost, submitting to the searching tests of public opinion. The effect perhaps seems bewildering, chaotic to a new observer like our Frenchwoman out West. In this frank and open and tolerant life it is the nauseous things which publicity floats most conspicuously, and the casual pessimist does not see that this very conspicuousness enables sound public opinion to cast them off with scorn. But underneath all the drift and riff-raff, in a true democracy, is the cumulative force of a great people, a force which has grown into a united and irresistible power through the very qualities which an aristocrat of the old school can never understand.

Derwentwater

By JAMES BUCKHAM

SWEET lake, to Wordsworth's heart so dear!
How doubly sweet and fair to me
Thy wooded shores, thy waters clear,
Because he walked and dreamed by thee!

The smooth green hills that clasp thee round,
The valleys, seamed with path and wall,
Ah! what enchanted, sacred ground,
Because he knew and loved them all!

The Joyousness of Books

By CHARLES S. BROOKS

THERE was once a school of writers who ended their stories, "and they were married and lived happily ever after." Now, there is a school of writers who begin their stories, "They were married and straightway things began to go to the devil." When one has read a few books of the latter class, it is delightful to think of the old-fashioned couple who lived in the pages of the former, who lived and loved sanely and went hand in hand down through the sunlight of life to old age. It is delightful to hurl morbid, depressing Sudermann and all others of his kind to a top shelf and to think of the joyous books that we have read, that do not tell us how wrong the world is and how impossible the remedy, the fairy stories and tales of adventure, with action and life and love, vigor and health and light, in which morals are a matter of conscience and not of philosophy, before mysticism was popular.

For is not this the day of problem novels? And do not these old-time stories bring to us all the problems it is worth one's while to discuss—generosity, bravery, manliness, and sincerity? And do they not solve them too? Manliness and sincerity are sure to win. Generosity is repaid by kindness. Bravery will always carry off the girl. Throughout the book is not the problem irresistible, with its inspiring clatter of horses' hoofs, its ring of valiant words, its rapidity of action and adventure, its romance, its excitement and life? When the prince has taken the princess's hand and has kissed her, then you know that the problem has been solved, that they will live happily to the end. And who's he who says they will not, who suggests that Cinderella was never happy after she left her ashes and her pumpkins and went to live in a palace? He is a very uncomfortable person and had better be muzzled. For it is a good world, you think. You take your feet from the fender, put out your reading-lamp, and tumble to bed, conviction in your mind

that "the world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

But this is a matter of the past. We are taking now, a course in pessimistic literature,—Omar Khayyam, Thomas Hardy, Ibsen, Sudermann, and others. "Laugh!" says Ibsen in a preface. "I laughed yesterday. To-day I am too old to laugh." For nothing ages one so soon as pessimism and scepticism. Last night, when we read our story of love and adventure, we looked into the fire on the grate and we knew that the flames were the sunshine of the golden ages, imprisoned in the earth so long, and their leaping was joy and the murmuring undertone was content. To-night we read Sudermann and the flames are the symbol of destructive force,—or, in a word, pessimism. The fire will shortly find a fissure in the coal and it will work its tongue in and out and it will widen it. The piece will fall apart and shortly will sink to ashes. So much for the coal. And our ideals? Our ideals, thank God, are tougher than coal and may outlast the evening.

To-night we read Sudermann's "The Joy of Living." Beata, the central figure in the play, arises. "My dear friends," she says, "you all go on wishing each other a long life—but which of us is really alive? Which of us really dares to live? Somewhere, far off in the distance, we catch a glimpse of life—but we hide our eyes and shrink away from it like transgressors. And that's our nearest approach to living! Do you really think you're alive—any one of you? Or do you think I am? But I, at least—I—whose whole life is one long struggle against death—I who never sleep, who hardly breathe, who barely stand—I at least know how to laugh, how to love life and be thankful for it! And as the only living soul among you, I drink to the joy of living!"

To understand perfectly that toast you must read the play. Beata is unhappily married. Years before there

has been an unsavory relationship between herself and Richard von Völkerlingk. Lately this has been discovered. Beata poisons herself and rises to speak her toast. As she finishes it, she will be carried from the room, dying. The joy of living! To what strange uses do words come! And yet this title is to be taken seriously. To develop the intellect, to strengthen the power of will, to make the brain a magnificent productive force, to cultivate the individual self until finally you proclaim it a God, supreme, within yourself, to recognize no other, to disregard all hampering restrictions and conventions, to snap your fingers at heaven and hell, to play the game to the limit and then when all's up to kill yourself. This is the joy of living, thinks Sudermann, that surmounts ill-health and the evils attending circumstance.

This is the day of problem novels. The relation of the sexes, the force of heredity, the evils of existing institutions, the searching of heaven and hell, the restrictions of morals and conventions. Throughout all these there is one background, a dull-colored canvas, ticketed "The Land of Despondency." Before this all the actors play their parts. It has been taken for granted that a book to be thought impelling must portray the evil, that a book whose people laugh and sing and are happy cannot touch the deeps of life. The festering evil must be dragged from cellar ways, a man must be portrayed as a weak creature not only likely to fall, but likely not to pick himself up.

In the "Joy of Living" it is thought impossible to develop individualism to a point where it can be individual in the midst of conventions. It is of a weaker variety and must overthrow conventions or be overthrown itself. In Ibsen's "Ghosts" we are taught of the power of heredity by hearing of the horrors of an evil inheritance. Is n't it possible to show the degradation of evil by telling of goodness? Must we see tragedies only? Strange that in the Decalogue, which is the first document of heredity, the inheritance of evil is so strongly visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations while

there is scant sanction as to the inheritance of goodness. It is the sins of the father that live in the children; it is the evil that men do that lives after them, while the good, alas, is oft interred with their bones. It is well to read such books occasionally. It forces upon us the inflexibility of effect. It is the knowing of that whirlwind that sweeps away him who sows the wind. All this is fascinating, and if read rightly and in proper measure is mentally stimulating. In over quantities it is a dangerous drug.

For you and I may fairly consider ourselves average beings and for such a very little touch of scepticism is sufficient. We are optimists when things are coming our way and pessimists when we are tired and discouraged. When the prospect is dark the gray shadows are reflected in our brains, and when the road before us is sunny there are patches of sun in our hearts. But sunlight is one of the most evanescent of things, and it is only at noon that there are no shadows. Why then, conjure up more shadows than are naturally allotted us, by too much reading of Sudermann. It is evident that we are in the world with allotted tasks at which we must work with perseverance and enthusiasm. Is not a clear brain, free from all morbidness and capable of enjoying all happiness that is fitting, the best of tools? Then cease reading how wrong everything is. There are so many books that are hopeful and stimulating and immeasurably greater than Sudermann.

It is pleasant to think of a collection of books which we shall call "The Joyous Library of Books." It will be so crowded with good books that we can't begin to name them. These books will teach goodness by telling of goodness. They will show forth the possibilities of life. Light-heartedness, enthusiasm, sincerity, manliness: these and their kindred will be the only characteristics that heredity can transmit. There will be purpose to surmount evil. Moreover there will be a God in heaven and in men's hearts.

When it is evening and we shall have come into this library, we shall run our

fingers along the shelves and perhaps we shall pull out, "As You Like It." Father Time is a foolish old man and is easily cheated: we smile to think how easily we steal from him the centuries of which he is so proud. Even in the act of making ourselves comfortable and of opening the play at the second act, even by so slight an exertion we have leaped the centuries and stand in the Forest of Arden. There are trees overhead, leaves under foot which rustle delightfully. There is blue sky, and clouds and shadows. Now, a gayly clad group of woodsmen approaches and we lurk behind a tree and listen to the wittiest, wisest people that even Shakespeare's fancy ever listened to. It is the golden age when clowns are poets and fools are philosophers. Even though Jaques grumbles, it is in the language of a god, and we hear his invective but at intervals, for a stream flows near and the wind from a thousand trees is in our ears. The wind blows fancy-laden and this is the message it brings from the tree-tops and the mountain sides:

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
"This is no flattery: these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.

We need no book for those lines and it has slipped from our fingers. The fire on the grate burns low. The candle of our reading lamp flickers protestingly that it is late. To-morrow by seven o'clock we must be back in the twentieth century, and the voyage is long. Our ship awaits us, and it is time to go aboard. Nor time, nor tide, ship nor sleep, awaits for any man.

Women's Clothes in Men's Books

By MYRTLE REED

WHEN asked why women wrote better novels than men, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is said to have replied, more or less conclusively, "They don't"; thus recalling Punch's famous advice to those about to marry. Happily, there is no segregation in literature, and masculine and feminine hands alike may dabble in fiction, so long as the publishers are willing.

If we accept Zola's dictum to the effect that art is nature seen through the medium of a temperament, the thing is possible to all, though the achievement may differ both in manner and degree. For women have temperament—too much of it—as the hysterical novelists daily testify.

The gentleman novelist prances in boldly where feminine feet well may

fear to tread, and consequently has a wider scope for his writing. It is not for a woman to mingle in a bar-room brawl and write of the thing as she sees it. The prize ring, the interior of a cattle ship, Broadway at four in the morning—these and countless other places are forbidden by her innate refinement as well as by the *Ladies Own*, and all the other old aunties who have taken upon themselves the guardianship of the Home with a big H.

Fancy the outpouring of scorn upon the luckless offender's head, if one should write to the Manners and Morals Department of the *Ladies Own* as follows: "Would it be proper for a lady novelist, in search of local color and new experiences, to accept the escort of a strange man at midnight if he was

too drunk to recognize her afterward?" Yet a man, in the same circumstances, would not hesitate to put an intoxicated lady into a seagoing cab, and would plume himself for a year and a day upon his virtuous performance.

All things are proper for the man who is about to write a book. Like the disciple of Mary McLane, who stole a horse in order to get the emotions of a police court, he may delve deeply, not only into life, but into that under stratum which is not spoken of where the *Ladies Own* circulates. Everything is fish that comes to his net. If conscientious, he may even undertake marriage in order to study the feminine personal equation at close range. Woman's emotions, singly and collectively, are pilloried before his scientific gaze. He cowers before one problem and one alone—woman's clothes.

Carlyle, after long and painful thought, arrives at the conclusion that "cut betokens intellect and talent; color reveals temper and heart." This reminds one of the language of flowers and the directions given for postage-stamp flirtation. If that massive mind had penetrated further into the mysteries of the subject, we might have been told that a turnover collar indicated that a woman was a High Church Episcopalian who had embroidered two altar cloths, and that suede gloves show a yielding but contradictory nature.

Clothes, undoubtedly, are indices of character and taste as well as a sop to conventionality, but this only where one has the wherewithal to browse at will in the department store. Many a woman with ermine tastes has but a rabbit-fur pocket-book, and thus her clothes wrong her in the sight of gods and women, though men know nothing about it.

Once upon a time there was a notion to the effect that women dressed to please men, but it has long since been relegated to the limbo of forgotten things.

Not one man in a thousand can tell the difference between Brussels Point at thirty dollars a yard and imitation Valenciennes at ten cents a yard, which was one of the "famous Friday features

in the busy bargain basement." But across the room, yea, even from across the street, the eagle eye of another woman can unerringly locate the Brussels Point and the mock Valenciennes.

A man knows silk by the sound of it and diamonds by the shine. He will say that a certain woman was "richly dressed in silk." Little does he wot of the difference between taffeta at eighty-five cents a yard and broadcloth at four dollars. Still less does he know that a white cotton shirt-waist represents luxury and a silk waist of festive coloring abject poverty, since it takes but two days to "do up" a white shirt-waist in one sense and thirty or forty cents to do it up in the other.

One listens with wicked delight to men's discourse upon women's clothes. Now and then, a man will express his preference for a tailored gown, as being eminently simple and satisfactory. Unless he is married and has seen bills for tailored gowns, he also thinks they are inexpensive. It is the benedict, wise with the acquired knowledge of the serpent, who begs his wife to get a new party gown and let the tailor-made go until next season. He also knows that when the material is bought, the expense has scarcely begun, whereas the ignorant bachelor thinks that the worst is happily over.

In "A Little Journey in the World" Mr. Warner philosophized thus: "How a woman in a crisis hesitates before her wardrobe, and at last chooses just what will express her innermost feelings!" If all of a woman's feelings were to be expressed by her clothes, the benedicts would immediately encounter financial shipwreck. One is eternally adjusting the emotion to the gown, on account of the lamentable scarcity of money and closets.

Some gown, seen at the exact psychological moment, fixes forever in a man's mind his ideal garment. Thus we read of blue calico, of pink and white print, and more often still, of white lawn. Mad color combinations run riot in the masculine fancy, as in the case of a man who boldly described his favorite costume as "red, with black ruffles down the front."

Of a hat, a man may be a surpassingly fine critic, since he reckons not of style. Guileful is the woman who leads her liege to the millinery and lets him choose, taking no heed of the price and its attendant shock until later. A normal man is anxious that his wife shall be well-dressed, because it keeps her busy and contented, and shows the critical observer that his business is a great success. After futile explorations in the labyrinth, he concerns himself simply with the fit, preferring always that the clothes of his heart's dearest shall cling to her as lovingly as a kid glove, regardless of the pouches and fullnesses prescribed by Dame Fashion.

In books, men are at their wits' end when it comes to women's clothes. They are hampered by no restrictions; no thought of style or period enters into their calculations, and unless they have a wholesome fear of the unknown theme, they produce results which accentuate international gayety. Many an outrageous garment has been embalmed in a man's book, simply because an attractive woman once wore something like it when she fed the novelist. Unbalanced by the joy of the situation, he did not accurately observe the garb of the ministering angel, and hence we read of a "clinging white gown" in the days of stiff silks and rampant crinolines; of the curve of the upper arm when it took five yards for a pair of sleeves, and short walking skirts during the reign of bustles and trains.

In "The Blazed Trail" Mr. White observes that his heroine was clad in brown which fitted her slender figure perfectly. As Hilda had yellow hair, "like corn silk," this was all right, and if the brown was of the proper golden shade, she was doubtless stunning when Thorpe first saw her in the forest. But the gown could not have fitted her as the sheath encases the dagger, for before straight front corsets were the big sleeves, and still further back were bustles and bouffant draperies. One does not get the impression that "The Blazed Trail" was placed in the time of crinolines, and doubtless Hilda's clothes did not fit as Mr. White seems to think they did.

That strenuous follower of millinery, Mr. Gibson, might give lessons to his friend, Mr. Davis, with advantage to the writer, if not to the artist. In "Captain Macklin," the young man's cousin makes her first appearance in a thin gown and a big hat trimmed with roses, reminding the adventurous Captain of a Dresden statuette, in spite of the fact that she wore heavy gauntlet gloves and carried a trowel. The lady had been doing a hard day's work in the garden. No woman outside the asylum ever did gardening in such a costume, and Mr. Davis has the hat and gown sadly mixed with some other pleasant impression.

The feminine reader immediately hides Mr. Davis's mistake with the broad mantle of charity, and in her own mind clothes Beatrice properly in a short walking skirt, heavy shoes, shirt waist, old hat tied down over the ears with a rumpled ribbon, and a pair of ancient masculine gloves, long since discarded by their rightful owner. Thus does lovely woman garden, except on the stage and in men's books.

In "The Story of Eva," Mr. Payne announces that Eva climbed out of a cab in "a fawn-colored jacket" conspicuous by reason of its newness, and a hat "with an owl's head on it." The jacket was probably a coat of tan covert cloth with strapped seams, but it is the startling climax which claims attention.

An owl? Surely not, Mr. Payne! It may have been a parrot, for once upon a time, before the Audubon society met with widespread recognition, women wore such things, and at afternoon teas, where many fair ones were gathered together, the parrot garniture was not without significance. But an owl's face, with its staring, glassy eyes, is too much like a pussy cat's to be appropriate, and one could not wear it at the back without conveying an unpleasant impression of two-facedness, if the coined word be permissible.

Still, the owl is no worse than the trimming of a model hat suggested by a funny paper. The tears of mirth come yet at the picture of a hat of rough straw, shaped like a nest, on

which sat a full-fledged Plymouth Rock hen, with her neck proudly yet graciously curved. Perhaps Mr. Payne saw the picture and forthwith did something in the same line, but there is a singular inappropriateness in placing the bird of Minerva upon the head of poor Eva, who made the old, old bargain in which she had everything to lose and nothing save bitterest experience to gain. A stuffed kitten, so young and innocent that its eyes were still blue and bleary, would have been more appropriate on Eva's bonnet and just as pretty.

In "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" Margaret Grant wears a particularly striking costume.

The cloth skirt came to her ankles, which were covered with yarn stockings, and her feet were encased in shoes that gave him the shivers, the soles being as thick as his own and the leather as tough. Her blouse was of gray flannel belted to the waist by a cotton saddle girth, white and red and as broad as her hand. The tam o'shanter was coarse and rough, evidently home made, and not at all like McFudds, which was as soft as the back of a kitten and without a seam.

With all due respect to Mr. Smith, one must insist that Margaret's shoes were all right as regards material and build. She would have been more comfortable if they had been "high necked" shoes, and in that case, the yarn hosiery would not have troubled him, but that is a minor detail. The quibble comes at the belt, and knowing that Margaret was an artist, we must be sure that Mr. Smith was mistaken. It may have been one of the woven cotton belts, not more than two inches wide, which were at the height of fashion for a dizzy moment, then tottered and fell, but a "saddle girth"—never!

In that charming *morceau*, "The Inn of the Silver Moon," Mr. Viele puts his heroine into plaid stockings and green knickerbockers—an outrageous costume, truly, even for wheeling. As if recognizing his error and with veritable masculine stubbornness, refusing to admit it, Mr. Viele goes on to say that the knickerbockers were "tailor made" and thereby makes a bad matter very much worse.

In "The Wings of the Morning," Iris, in spite of the storm through which the *Sirdar* vainly attempts to make its way, appears throughout in a "lawn dress"—white, undoubtedly, since all sorts and conditions of men profess to admire white lawn. Even if she had been so inappropriately gowned on shipboard, she had plenty of time to put on a navy blue tailor made gown and a close-fitting blue cloth hat, before she was shipwrecked. This is sheer fatuity, for any one with Mr. Tracy's abundant ingenuity could easily have contrived ruin for the tailored gown in time for Iris to assume masculine garb and participate bravely in that fearful fight on the ledge.

Whence, oh whence comes this fondness for lawn? Are not organdies, dimities, and embroidered muslins fully as becoming to the women who trip daintily through the pages of men's books? Lawn has been a back number for many a weary moon, and still we read of it!

"When in doubt, lead trumps," might well be paraphrased thus: "When in doubt, put her into white lawn." Even "J. P. M.," that gentle spirit to whom so many hidden things were revealed, sent his shrewish "Kate" off for a canter through the woods in a white gown, which, if memory serves, was lawn.

In "The Master," Mr. Zangwill describes Eleanor Wyndwood as "the radiant apparition of a beautiful woman in a shimmering amber gown from which her shoulders rose dazzling." So far, so good. But a page or two further on, that delightful minx, Olive Regan, wears "a dress of soft green-blue, cut high, with yellow roses at the throat." One wonders whether Mr. Zangwill ever really saw a woman in any kind of a gown with "yellow roses at the throat" or whether it is but the slip of an overstrained fancy. The recent announcement of his marriage brings a certain promise that in a little while, Mr. Zangwill will know more about gowns.

Still, there is a chance that the charm may not work, for Mr. Arthur Stringer, who is reported to be married

to a very lovely woman, takes astonishing liberties in "The Silver Poppy."

She floated in before Reppellier bright, buoyant, smiling, like a breath of the open morning itself, a confusion of mellow autumnal colors in her wine colored gown and hat of roses and mottled leaves. Before she had so much as drawn off her gloves—and they were always the most spotless of white gloves—she glanced about in mock dismay and saw that the last of the righting up had already been done.

Later, we read that the artist pinned an American Beauty upon her gown, then shook his head over the color combination and took it off. If the American Beauty jarred enough for a man to notice it, the gown must have been the color of claret or Burgundy, rather than the clear, soft gold of Sauterne. This brings us up with a short turn before the hat. What color were the roses? Surely they were not American Beauties, and they could not have been pink. Yellow roses would have been a fright, so they must have been white ones and a hat covered with white roses is altogether too festive to wear in the morning. The white gloves, also, would have been badly out of place.

What a comfort it would be to all concerned if the feminine reader could take Cordelia aside! One would pat the artistic disorder of her beautiful yellow hair, help her out of her hideous clothes into a gray or tan tailor-made, with a shirt waist of mercerized white cheviot, put on a stock of the same material, give her a "ready to wear" hat of the same trig tailored quality, and, as she passed out, hand her a pair of gray suede gloves which exactly matched her gown.

Though gray would be more becoming, she might wear tan, as a concession to Mr. Stringer, who evidently likes yellow. In the same book, a woman gathers up her "yellow skirts" and goes down a ladder. It might have been only a yellow taffeta drop skirt under tan etamine, but we must take his word for it, since we did n't see it and he did.

As the Chinese keep the rats' tails until the end of the feast, the worst clothes to be found in any book must

come last, by way of a climax. Mr. Dixon, in "The Leopard's Spots," has outdone every other knight of the pen who has entered the lists to portray women's clothes. Listen to the inspired description of "Miss Sallie's" gown!

She was dressed in a morning gown of a soft red material, trimmed with old cream lace. The material of a woman's dress had never interested him before. He knew calico from silk, but beyond that he never ventured an opinion. To color alone he was responsive. This combination of red and creamy white, with the bodice cut low showing the lines of her beautiful white shoulders and the great mass of dark hair rising in graceful curves from her full round neck, heightened her beauty to an extraordinary degree. As she walked, the clinging folds of her dress, outlining her queenly figure, seemed part of her very being and to be imbued with her soul. He was dazzled with the new revelation of her power over him.

The fact that she goes for a drive, later on, "dressed in pure white," sinks into insignificance beside this new and original creation of Mr. Dixon's. A red morning gown, trimmed with cream lace, cut low—ye gods and little fishes! Where were the authorities, and why was not "Miss Sallie" taken to the detention hospital, pending an inquiry into her sanity?

It would seem that any man, especially one who writes books, could be sure of a number of women friends. Among these might easily be "the not impossible she" whom he could take into his confidence. The gentleman novelist might go to the chosen one and say: "My heroine, in moderate circumstances, is going to the matinee with a girl friend. What shall she wear?" Instantly, the discerning woman would ask the color of her eyes and hair and the name of the town she lived in, then behold! Upon the writer's page would come a radiant feminine vision, clothed in her right mind and the proper clothes, to the joy of every woman who reads the book.

But men are proverbially chary of their confidence, except when they are in love, and being in love is supposed to put even book women out of a

man's head. Perhaps, in the new School of Journalism which is to be attached to Columbia University, there will be a supplementary course in millinery, elective, for those who wish to learn the trade of novel-writing.

If a man knows no woman to whom he can turn for advice and counsel at the critical point of his book, there are only two courses open to him, aside from the doubtful one of evasion. He may let his fancy run riot and put his heroine into clothes that would give a dumb woman hysterics, or he may follow the example of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, who says of one of his heroines that "her pliant body was enshrouded in white muslin with a blue ribbon at the waist."

Lacking the faithful henchwoman who would gladly put them straight, the majority of the gentlemen novelists evade the point, and so far as clothes are concerned, their heroines are as badly off as the Queen of Spain was said to be for legs. They delve freely into emotional situations and fearlessly attempt profound psychological problems, but sidle off like frightened crabs when they strike the clothes line.

After all, it may be just as well, since fashion is transient and colors and material do not vary much. Still, judging by the painful mistakes that many of them have made, the best advice that one can give the gallant company of literary craftsmen is this: when you come to millinery, crawlfish!

Mr. Sothern as a Producer

By ELIZABETH McCracken

ONE night, in company with a friend of mine who possesses a somewhat pedagogically minute knowledge of the geography of certain European cities, I was witnessing a play, the action of which, as the scenery—true to newspaper prophecies—by no means unostentatiously indicated, took place in Rome. There was a distinct suggestion of St. Peter's, more than a hint of the Vatican; finally, from the window of an apartment which constituted one of the several opulent scenic "sets," interested spectators beheld at close range the magnificent sight of the Colosseum itself. At this point, my friend gasped; and then, forgetful of the play, sat gazing so blankly at the representation of the antique pile that I inquired anxiously: "Is it incorrect?"

"It's perfectly correct," she replied; "it's a fine view of the Colosseum; but it could n't possibly be seen from that window! The Colosseum is in an entirely different direction."

Those of us who, for one reason or another, are habitual theatre-goers, have, according to the degrees of our abilities to receive them, had shocks

similar to that experienced by my geographically informed friend. A connoisseur on lamps has been fretted by seeing in the hands of Lady Macbeth, in the sleep-walking scene, a candle-holder the like of which was unknown until three or four centuries later than the period of the drama. More than one person of military affiliations was startled at meeting in a recent production of an American "war drama" a captain of the United States cavalry attired in the uniform of a lieutenant of the United States infantry. Not very long ago, Mr. Browning's tragedy, "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" was given; and the single coat of arms decorating the walls of the house of Tresham was not that of the Tresham family.

Even after we have sternly resolved not to be pettifoggers; and have reminded ourselves that Shakespeare himself, without regard to the fact that the sea is in an entirely different direction, shows a fine view of the sea from Bohemia, gives Hamlet a rapier a number of years before he would have had one, and introduces into Verona a night watch not sanctioned either by military

or by civic history:—even then, we are left but doubtfully happy with regard to the prevailing method of stage-representation in America; a method which is too often more extravagant than rich, more splendid than beautiful. At the present time, in our theatres, to produce plays at once adequately and accurately is a formidable labor. The task requires less a lavish expenditure of time and of money than the guidance of a person who is by instinct an artist, and by habit a scholar.

Persons of this description have been as rare in America as elsewhere. In the history of the American stage, they are very few. Mr. Edwin Booth was pre-eminently such a person. His contemporaries have recounted to us many tales of his achievements as a producer of plays. "He did things in the theatre," one of Mr. Booth's friends once said to me, "that only a scholar would, and only an artist could, do!" Mr. E. H. Sothern is another such producer; he, too, does things in the theatre that only a scholar will, and only an artist can, do.

Perhaps in no one of Mr. Sothern's other productions were so many of these things done as in his wonderful presentation of Herr Hauptmann's poetic play, "The Sunken Bell." Most of us remember how numerous and varied, above all, how abstruse, were the "interpretations" of the play offered us by students of Teutonic folklore, and by readers of German philosophy. The story, they said, was an allegory; in which Heinrich signified human aspiration. Heinrich, they explained impressively, if vaguely, was a type; Rautendelein, a symbol; the bell, an emblem.

But in Mr. Sothern's representation, the story was not allegorical, it was real. Heinrich was not a type, but an individual; a very definite individual, furthermore—a genius whose most exalted work was lower than his highest ideal, and yet higher than himself. Rautendelein, and all the other "fairy people," were the shapes of his dreams and visions; shapes, partly real, partly unreal, and hence wholly bewildering. "I wonder," exclaimed some one who

had been present at every performance of the play given by Mr. Sothern, "I wonder what Heinrich *really* heard and saw, up there on the mountain!"

"Does n't the production tell you?" I questioned.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "it tells me how what he heard sounded, and how what he saw looked, to him!"

Few of us will forget the countless delicate means employed by Mr. Sothern to that end;—the soft, uncertain music; the harsh laughter; the tolling of bells, near and far away; the mist, the bright moonlight, and the black shadows of the mountain forest. The raiment of the Wood-Sprite blended so cunningly with the crags and the trunks of the trees that, as a little girl, who witnessed the production, said plaintively, one "could n't quite be sure that he was n't a tree himself, or a piece of a big rock." One of the "fairy" dresses of the lovely Rautendelein was flame-colored, like the fire in the forge at which the bell-founder had been working just before the "dear enigma" came to him; another was of the pale brightness of mountain flowers seen by moonlight.

"Why," demanded one literal-minded spectator, "did n't Miss Harned wear a more distinctive costume? She made a beautiful picture; but it was impossible to decide what she was,—whether a child, a woman, or a fantasy!"

The inability to decide what Rautendelein was,—whether a child, a woman, or a fantasy—was poor Heinrich's saddest misfortune. Was it the fair-haired daughter of some honest mountaineer, or a gold and white flower, or a flame, that Heinrich saw? Was it a voice, or the sound of wind and falling water, that he heard? These, in the deepest sense, were the questions that Herr Hauptmann's drama asked; in no less deep a sense, they were the questions that Mr. Sothern's production repeated. "The spirit in which Mr. Sothern has done it," exclaimed a poet, "is perfect!"

"So," added a careful compiler of German folk-tales, "is the letter!"

And this, not only because Mr. Sothern saw the beauty and the signifi-

cance of the play, was himself able to act the part of Heinrich, and had a sufficient knowledge of what is called "stage-craft" to make any representation of the drama he might choose; but also because he was so familiar with the elements of inspiration and influence which moulded and tinged the poem that he could choose rightly. He was true both to the spirit and to the letter, because he was in possession both of the spirit and of the letter.

A number of the plays in which Mr. Sothern has appeared, even when they have been fictitious as to plot,—and usually also as to the personage acted by Mr. Sothern himself,—have been historic as to time and place. The opportunities thereby given Mr. Sothern to make productions so minutely faithful as to satisfy the most precise student, and so beautiful as to disarm even those persons who would have our stage more Elizabethan in its methods of stage-representation, he has fully used. So completely, indeed, has Mr. Sothern sometimes shown in the theatre a certain epoch, that the interest of the audience has turned rather more to that epoch than to the individual belonging to it whom Mr. Sothern may have chosen to impersonate.

When, for instance, he produced "If I Were King," it was not so much "François Villon, Student, Poet, and House-breaker" that we saw, as it was Paris, during the reign of Louis the Eleventh. Before I had seen the representation, one of Mr. Sothern's ardent admirers gave me a mournful account of it. "It is a marvel of a production," he exclaimed; "but it eclipses Mr. Sothern. The people in the audience look upon him simply as a part of the general picture!"

"Do they forget that he is Villon?" I asked.

"No," was the answer, "but they seem absorbed in remembering that it was when Louis the Eleventh was King of France that Villon lived!"

One day, shortly after Mr. Sothern had given the play in Boston for three consecutive weeks, I chanced to be in a bookstore, when another purchaser came in, and asked to see a copy of the

poems of François Villon. "Has Mr. Sothern's production of 'If I Were King' increased the demand for Villon's poems?" I inquired of a salesman.

"Not especially," he replied; "but it has actually created a demand for 'Quentin Durward'!"

An astute dramatic critic, when I mentioned this to him, remarked that the personality of François, as it was furnished to Mr. Sothern by Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, was rather more akin to that of the fictitious Quentin than it was to such scraps of Villon's biography as have been handed down to us! However that may have been, it still is quite safe to say that Mr. Sothern not only did, but that he intended, to achieve, in his production of "If I Were King," just what he did achieve. Seldom is he content merely to present a character; he must needs present also an environment.

Mr. Sothern's production of "The Proud Prince" revealed this propensity even more clearly than did his rendering of "If I Were King." The drama was described as "a miracle play, founded upon Longfellow's 'Robert of Sicily.'" The particular poem contains not the remotest hint of the period during which the miracle of its story was supposed to have occurred, excepting the name of the king; and the only King Robert mentioned in Sicilian history is, as we all know, Robert the Shrewd, of Normandy, who, with his brother Roger, conquered Sicily toward the end of the eleventh century. The period of Mr. McCarthy's play was given as quite two centuries later. Whatever the foundation for the date may have been, Mr. Sothern based his production upon a most exquisite and many-sided appreciation of the temper of Sicily, not during the time of Robert the Shrewd, but during "the latter half of the thirteenth century"; when the Sicilian court, permeated by French and Spanish thought and feeling, was the most sophisticated the most self-conscious, the most luxurious, the most cultivated, and yet the most superstitious, in all Italy; when Sicilian civilization, having reached its highest point, was beginning to decline; when,

in short, a Sicilian king might be, not only in need of purifying miracles, but also in a state of mind which could believe in them.

There were, to be sure, persons who objected to the fulness with which Mr. Sothern's representation depicted Sicily, during the latter half of the thirteenth century. They characterized more than one episode of the production as "unnecessary";—the entire second act; the incident of the cross in the third act; the burning at the stake in the last act. Viewing Mr. Sothern's production of "The Proud Prince" as an entertainment for very young persons, or even as a pastime for older people, these episodes unquestionably were unnecessary; but if we regard it as a serious attempt to represent on the stage a certain human condition and evolution, not one of them could well have been omitted. Mr. Sothern's acting of the part of Robert conveyed, as Mr. Sothern no doubt meant it should, an ethical lesson; his production of the play quite as decidedly offered a lesson in the interpretation of history.

Even for the most romantic of his characterizations, Mr. Sothern never forgot to provide such realistic productions as the "time" and "place" suggested and permitted. Being unexpectedly prevented from going to a performance of "The Song of the Sword," in which Mr. Sothern appeared several years ago, I said to the friend who went in my stead, "What was it about?"

"Why, about the Battle of the Bridge of Lodi, where Napoleon conquered the Austrians, just a little while after the French Revolution;—don't you remember?"

And a lover of Dumas who had taken the most unbounded delight in Mr. Sothern's production of "The King's Musketeer" lamented that theatre-goers of even the immediate future should not see it.

"But why be so regretful?" I demurred. "Mr. Sothern will surely do far better things than D'Artagnan; the play-goers of the immediate future may see those."

"It's not altogether D'Artagnan that I'm sorry they must miss," was the reply.

"Do you think the dramatization so matchless, then?" I questioned.

"Not at all," exclaimed the lover of Dumas. "It was n't the seeing on the stage of the people of Dumas,—even D'Artagnan; it was n't the seeing there the incidents of his musketeer romances that I liked so much; it was the getting from the stage the feeling that Dumas probably had when he planned the writing of them."

When, a few years ago, Mr. Sothern's intention of producing "Hamlet" was announced, persons who had noted in him what seemed to them to be a love of elaborate representation for its own sake, expressed some dismay. "The tragedy of 'Hamlet,'" they said perturbedly, "ought not to be offered as an historical pageant. Hamlet was not nearly so much a Prince of Denmark, living in the age of feudalism, as he was a *man*, who might have lived at any time, in any place!"

One of Mr. Sothern's most discriminating critics heard these exclamations. "Exactly," he agreed; "as Mr. Sothern knows."

We have all seen how perfectly Mr. Sothern did know. His production of "Hamlet" was not offered as an historical pageant; but it was historical. The castle of Elsinore was represented as a feudal castle; "the manners and customs" of the "war-like state" of Denmark were given as feudal an embodiment as the lines of Shakespeare allowed. Like Shakespeare's Hamlet, Mr. Sothern's was not nearly so much a Prince of Denmark, living in the age of feudalism, as he was a man, who might have lived at any time, in any place; but, like Shakespeare's, his Hamlet showed himself to be a man who was a prince, too; a prince of a feudal time. If the accessories used by Mr. Sothern to this end were so numerous and so elaborate as to seem to require justification, they surely found that justification in the fact that they served not a decorative, but an interpretative, purpose.

In the Shakespearian productions

which Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have been making, nothing in any of the performances has proved more engrossing to the student of the acted drama than the differences in the respective methods of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern. "Miss Marlowe's scenes," said one spectator, "are like pieces of perfect music; they belong everywhere, and always. Mr. Sothern's are like great pictures; they belong to certain places, at certain times."

Most of us recollect how disconcerted some spectators were by the melancholy of Mr. Sothern's *Romeo*. "His *Hamlet*," they conjectured, "has influenced his *Romeo*."

But to those of us who had seen many of Mr. Sothern's productions, it seemed that his *Romeo* was influenced by nothing so much as a contemplation of the period during which the action of the play occurs. Mr. Sothern could find in the words of the play some authority for his presentation of *Romeo*; in the Italy of the Renaissance, he could find every authority. Not only the "love poems" of that passionate time, but the chronicles of its lovers, are saturated with an "exceeding and too much sweetness," not far removed from "gentle sorrow"; and Mr. Sothern's *Romeo* was not alone a lover, but a lover of that age.

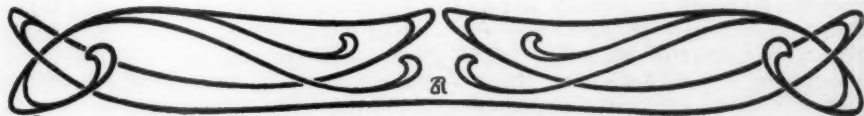
I saw Mr. Sothern's and Miss Marlowe's "*Romeo and Juliet*" one night, with a devoted reader of Italian Re-

naissance literature and biography. When *Romeo* caught his first glimpse of *Juliet*, she whispered, "*Look at Mr. Sothern!* He might be *Petrarch*, gazing at *Laura!*" When he came to the Friar's cell and learned of the sentence of banishment, my friend made another comment. "See," she exclaimed, "he might be *Piero de' Medici!*" As *Balthasar* told *Romeo* the sad news of *Juliet's* entombment, she again annotated: "*Dante* might have looked like that when he heard of the death of *Beatrice.*" The scene in the tomb elicited another comparison: "He might be *Lorenzo de' Medici*, lamenting over the dead *Simonetta!*"

"I doubt," I remonstrated, "if Mr. Sothern thinks of all those things while he is acting *Romeo.*"

"I suppose not," she agreed; "but he makes other people think of them!"

Of this, there can be but little question. "*Romeo and Juliet*" was not the first of the plays in which Mr. Sothern has appeared, to make us think of other things besides itself. It was characteristic that in that production, as in all Mr. Sothern's other productions, these things were felicitous, not only in themselves, but in their juxtapositions. Mr. Sothern shows us many views of many Colosseums; these views are always fine; and, always, they are views which clearly may be seen from the particular window of the particular play.



Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

DEAR BELINDA,—

To be home again and in front of your own looking-glass is one of the best tests for discovering how much good your holidays have done you. No other looking-glass but your own can be depended on for this. Your own accustomed mirror reflects no tales about yourself but those which are truthful. Each morning it tells you what sort of night you have had, and to what degree of heat your bath should be tempered. It tells you whether you should stay in bed and play with your letters, or hastily get up to reply to them. These are important matters in the day's programme, and for their settlement the silent verdict of your looking-glass must be depended on.

Coming home and having one's things unpacked is not always a cheerful proceeding. Everything one has seems so shabby and threadbare. After weathering a few storms by sea or by land, heaps of clothes have probably had to be discarded already while travelling, and given to hotel servants and other suppliant or rapacious people because they were no longer fit for wear. It is an expensive proceeding this rigging of oneself out anew: but it must be done, and with care, too. Going away and coming back again determines without a doubt what shall be renewed.

We return to find fault with old London, and grumble at many of our national failings and shortcomings. London is outdistanced in many ways, but in other ways London is ahead, and in one thing London is certainly ahead, and that is in the beauty of her women. Every one who returns to London after some weeks' absence is struck by the greater beauty of the average girl over such as he has seen abroad. The *midinettes* or milliner girls of Paris do not approach in beauty those who may be seen every day in London. Astounding freaks in anatomy and costume pass unnoticed in Paris, and there is more freedom, more individuality. In Paris a newly-mar-

ried pair will walk about the streets in the clothes in which they have just been married, without being followed by a booing crowd, and quite recently I saw a man bicycling in knickerbockers, and open-work stockings, borrowed, I suppose, from his wife. But no one takes any notice of these things in France.

To make further comparisons, Paris has a great reputation for smart hats, but the plain man is disposed to ask a plain question, which is—Where in Paris can these hat places of great reputation be found? Is there not a great deal of nonsense talked about Parisian millinery? Are not the best women's hats, French and English, based upon the old eighteenth-century models issued in the costume plates by Desrais? At any rate, the casual male observer is amazed at the hats which are exposed daily in the shops in the Rue de la Paix, and in other streets of almost equal reputation. There may be, and probably are, mysterious houses in Paris which have second or third floors only devoted to millinery, and which are not accessible to men, but surely if Paris millinery were what it is supposed to be, one would see more excellent types in the windows of ordinary shops. Having written thus, I tremble with fear though I believe what I say to be true. The woman who makes off to Paris for everything—hats, dresses, flounces, and furbelows—frequently makes a great error. London has a curious way of attracting the best of every kind into its nets. Everything good and good-looking gravitates towards London.

While on the great subject of hats, not every one realizes how much the wearing of the hat means to a woman. No well-dressed woman of the world ever feels quite happy unless she is wearing one of her best hats. The only time when a woman really feels safe and happy without a hat is when she has gone into her own room and turned the key. Then, and then only, is she happy in removing her hat-pins.

A woman will momentarily adore a successful hat as though it were her first-born child. A hat is to a woman not only a hat, but it is a weapon of defence. She does not feel quite sure of herself without it, and she is ever seeking opportunities or finding excuses for wearing her hat on this or that occasion. We know quite well that no woman ever takes off her hat at luncheon if she can possibly help it. When she puts her hat on in the morning, or towards mid-day, she means it to stay there, and she would, if she could, wear it until she went to bed at night. All the little petty annoyances of the day are better met and dealt with by a woman when she has her hat on. Without her hat be well poised and firmly placed upon her head, no woman will go forth to meet the most trifling adversity or fresh set of circumstances or environment.

Comparing Paris with London in detail, London has the pull in many ways. For one thing, there is far less noise in London than in Paris. The tram, whether propelled by steam or electricity, is one of the great curses of Paris. The cracking of whips, the yelling of newspaper boys and women, the beggars, and the unnecessary bicycle horn, all mean serious drawbacks to the enjoyment of the French capital. But the amusements and pleasures of Paris are too numerous to relate. No one has, so far as I am aware, ever given any reason for the absence from London streets of Victoria-shaped cabs such as are used universally in Paris. Is there no one sufficiently speculative and enterprising to start a company to put such excellent little carriages on the streets and to provide them with *Taximetres*? Taximeter cabs have been running in Berlin for years, and during the past two years have been almost entirely adopted in Paris, to the satisfaction of every one, including even the *cochers* themselves. London cabmen lose many thousands of pounds annually through the fear of imposition which enters the minds of reasonably timid women. A man can be free with his "buttercups and daisies" when abused by a cabman, but a woman is usually cut off

from this pleasure, though when a woman does use bad language every one knows that she simply clears the decks. The Taximeter cab, which flourishes so well on the Continent, has entirely stopped one of the bugbears of life—the quarrel with a cabby. It only remains for the same ingenious device to get firmly established in London for the abusive cabman to be a thing of the past.

I have often decried books of extracts, and most of them are indeed bad, being taken from such maudlin sources. But I offer no apology for alluding to the "Maxims" of Lord Beaconsfield which have just been issued. A well-known critic once observed that it was impossible to fathom the reasons which made people read the books they do read, and, one may add, marry the wives they do marry. Both these things are inscrutable, like the Man in the Iron Mask and other of the boredom of history, which are better left alone by all sane people. But the question why people read the books they do read is no more difficult to answer than the question why they leave unread so many amusing authors. Fashion has decreed up to now that Jane Austen shall be read and that Anthony Trollope shall be left alone. It has also decreed with no less tyranny that Lord Beaconsfield's novels may for the present gather dust upon the shelves, and this they are at present doing. But before long every one will discover that Disraeli—"that Asiatic mystery" as he was called—was a great wit, and they will be as sure of it as they are already sure that he was a great leader of a political party. Perhaps the little book, "Maxims," from which I shall quote a few sentences, will serve as an *aperitif* for the better appreciation of Lord Beaconsfield's novels.

We know not how it is, but love at first sight is a subject of constant ridicule; somehow we suspect that it has more to do with the affairs of this world than the world is willing to own.

Some talk of the burning cheek and the flashing eye of passion; but a wise man would not, perhaps, despair of the heroine who, when he approaches

her, treats him almost with scorn and trembles, while she affects to disregard him.

A beautiful hand is an excellent thing in a woman; it is a charm that never palls. And, better than all, it is a means of fascination that never disappears. Women carry a beautiful hand with them to the grave, when a beautiful face has long ago vanished or ceased to enchant.

Instead of love being the occasion of all the misery of this world, as is sung by fantastic bards, I believe that the misery of this world is occasioned by there not being love enough.

A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces, and without such a muse, few men can succeed in life—none be content.

What we call the heart is a nervous sensation, like shyness, which gradually disappears in society.

Envy spoils our complexions and anxiety destroys our figure.

Nobody should look anxious except those who have no anxiety.

Women are the only people that get on. A man works all his life, and thinks he has done a wonderful thing if, with one leg in the grave, and no hair on his head, he manages to get a coronet; and a woman dances at a ball with some young fellow or other and pretends she thinks him charming, and he makes her a peeress on the spot.

Women like you to enter their house as their husband's friend.

Be frank and explicit. That is the right line to take when you wish to conceal your own mind and to confuse that of others.

Life is a very curious thing. One cannot ask one person to meet another without going through a sum of moral arithmetic.

These wise things are taken at random from Beaconsfield's "Maxims." They by no means represent all the plums which are to be found in the pages of this little book. One is disposed to ask whether Lord Beaconsfield's executors have not found among his manuscripts some play on modern lines. How well he could have done it. There are enough good things in Beaconsfield's "Maxims" to serve for a dozen plays.

I hope some new genius will reveal himself or herself in the literary world this forthcoming publishing season. There are vacancies in the book world for those who will be simple and direct.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, October, 1905.

The Editor's Clearing-House

The Poor Pay of Teachers

THERE is a dearth of teachers for the country schools this year. The thorough training which teachers are now required by law to be in possession of can only be obtained by those who have been through college or normal school, or teachers' training classes, and for such the remuneration at present offered is an indignity. What is to happen? Are the highly trained teachers to swallow their pride and to accept salaries that were intended for the untrained, or are the salaries, which were pitifully meagre in any case, to be raised? It is upon such occasions as this that labor gets its innings,—that the financial level of a class of workers becomes (or fails to become) permanently raised. But another condition is essential if the outcome is to be the desirable one,—it is that the

workers concerned should have strength of mind to hold out for the higher wage which they have a right to demand. This fall, therefore, every woman who accepts a mean salary when her preparation fits her for receiving a decent one should feel that she is a traitor to the interests of her class. It is true that women frequently have members of their family dependent upon them, but then male workers are almost universally responsible for the subsistence of wife and children, and yet they can make sacrifices for the good of their class.

C. LADD FRANKLIN.

A Pernicious Way of Paying Authors

One dollar a word; five cents a word; one cent a word;—so runs the shameful story. Out of the hundreds of excellent monthly periodicals which this

country affords, nine tenths buy their fiction according to the above rule. Why is it? The men who occupy the editorial chairs, the men who dictate editorial policy, are men of sound business judgment and executive ability. The question naturally follows, Why do they uphold a policy which calls for slipshod, long-drawn-out work? This rule encourages—nay, demands—lengthy descriptions, tiresome minutiae, prolonged conversation, anything to fill up and make words, for each word has its value. So much a word! And where, pray, is the author who is going to blue pencil superfluous stuff in his manuscript when that same stuff will mean a check with a few more dollars added? Certainly not in this country; certainly not in any, for humanity is born with a curse, and that curse is the love of gold.

Collier's says five cents a word to you and me for available fiction; one dollar a word to Conan Doyle. And when you and I sit down to write our story for *Collier's* what are we going to do? The curse is upon us, and the golden bait is flaunted in our faces. We will string out our plot to the limit of its capabilities, and farther, if possible, for that is human nature. We will make our manuscript five thousand words when perhaps twenty-five hundred would have told the tale, and in a much more satisfactory and condensed manner. As a consequence everybody suffers. The publisher suffers because the work is not as strong as it should have been; we suffer because we have insulted our technique and impaired our powers of condensation; the reader suffers in that he is made to wade when he might have swum high on the crest of vigorous and pointed diction. Sherlock Holmes died, and was mourned the world over. The golden bait was flung out across the Atlantic, and the peerless detective's creator called him forth from the tomb. Sir Arthur yielded at a dollar a word, as you and I would have done.

So much a column; so much a page. And the writer draws his paper before him and wonders how many words he can crowd into his plot. It is per-

nicious, baneful, deadening to the high calling of literature. It weakens the mental and moral grasp on things and personalities. Why should those who sit in power play upon our human frailties? Why should they lure us from the true faith to the worship of gods of clay? For where we find one whom Fortune has placed securely beyond the temptation of the glittering metal—one who has enough—there is the multitude whose daily bread, and comforts, and luxuries, depend upon the words which drop from the points of their pens. And strong indeed is the heart which can resist the magic "so much a word."

There are a few who have seen the error of this popular fallacy, and it would seem that the dawn is breaking. That pioneer of the five-cent magazine, *The Black Cat*, of Boston, differs from its contemporaries in this. Every story writer is familiar with this legend: "We pay not according to *length*, but according to *strength*." And while we may not at all times agree with Mr. Umbstaetter's judgment as to what constitutes a good short story, we cannot but admire that sterling strength which dared to break away from all conventional lines, and adopt a policy as original as the publication which he owns. Again, we hear no complaints from those who have sold material here.

From the sanctums of the high and mighty comes the cry, "Condense! Condense!" and almost in the same breath, "We pay so much a word!" How can a poor devil of a scribbler reconcile these two demands? He simply cannot. They won't balance. So he sets to work to provide the "words," as many as he can with any degree of consistency, for each has a monetary value, and he would be a plain fool to "condense" under such circumstances.

There is a remedy, but it lies not with the earnest, plodding masses, striving as their lights guide them to produce literature. Let those who sit in power say, "We will pay you what it is worth to us," and from that day the uplift in letters will begin.

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

A College Girl's Reply to Miss Jeanette Marks's Strictures

MAY I take some of THE CRITIC'S valuable space to draw attention to a few points that occurred to me while reading the article on "The American Girl's Ignorance of Literature"? Not so long ago that I have forgotten how it felt I was a college girl myself, and it seems to me there is another point of view than that of the article in question.

The very first statement is that with most college girls what others read is the arbiter. Here is difference of opinion number one. The college girl of to-day reads what interests and appeals to her, in sublime disregard of any number of people who may be reading Edna Lyall or E. P. Roe, Chaucer or Shakespeare. She knows what she likes and can tell why, if you wish to know. The time is past, thank heaven, when she must read "Clarissa Harlowe" or "Pilgrim's Progress" with outward meekness and inward yawns. Even if her judgment be poor, such as it is she uses it, which is surely a step in the right direction. To come down to solid facts, a large proportion of the college girls of my acquaintance are reading Kipling and Van Dyke, Yeats and the other Celtic revivalists, and are not in the least ashamed of it. Why should they be?

The next point is concerning an examination given, and the English requirements for 1902 are cited. Perhaps it is beside the question to inquire why Pope's "Iliad" was ever included in this list, except it might be as an example of what English verse should not be. The chief point is that the students did not know certain points concerning certain authors. It is rather shocking to be sure, but is this literature? I do not myself know when Dr. Van Dyke was born, and do not care. "The Ruling Passion" is still a delight to me. In passing, if the ignorance mentioned be so dreadful, why was the first course in literature postponed till the sophomore year?

Then comes the question, out of a clear sky, Who was Launcelot Gobbo? Almost half the class did not know.

That is, rather more than half did, which is certainly encouraging. It would be rather difficult to recognize even one's dearest friends, dragged forcibly from their surroundings, and placed in the dry desert of an examination paper. It is probable that at least one hundred educated and cultured people could be found who had read their "Vanity Fair" carefully, and who would still be unable, at a moment's notice, to tell who Major Loder was. Yet these people know their Thackeray, and could hardly be called ignorant of literature.

After citing other glaring defects, the writer asks where the fault lies. If we admit the fault, it is an easy question to answer. Go into any high school. Enter a class of girls whose reading up to that time has been largely Louisa Alcott, Anna Chapin Ray, Rosa N. Cary, and similar authors. Descend upon them with Burke's "Conciliation." What can possibly be expected in the way of interest or appreciation? It is like taking a crowd of happy children from the fresh air and sunshine, putting them in a dark, damp hall filled with masterpieces of art and expecting them to admire. Blinded by the sudden change from light to dark, they stumble about in dumb misery. If by any chance a connecting link creeps in it is carefully excluded as soon as possible. A few years ago "A Tale of Two Cities" was included in the prescribed reading for students. How long did it remain? Only a brief space, then it was crowded out that the poor sufferers might flounder through "The Vicar of Wakefield" and a few more of Macaulay's Essays.

And after living through these trials more than half of a class of sophomores, who had taken no literature course for more than a year, on being asked to locate a secondary character in one of Shakespeare's plays, did so correctly! Is this depressing? It seems rather like a wonderful feat of memory.

Must we conclude, from these pessimistic election returns, that literature began and ended a hundred or more years ago? And if the college girl, or any other, prefers to begin with

the literature of to-day, written at a time and under conditions that she can understand, and work back, must she necessarily be considered more ignorant than one who plunges back at the start and possibly never works forward? Do a mass of biographical statistics constitute a knowledge of literature? Is this the end and aim of the courses offered at our colleges? If so let us develop

our memories at all costs, and lay our intellect and judgment on the top shelf as unnecessary hindrances. Let us read "The Vicar of Wakefield," Pope's "Iliad," and "Paradise Lost," with dates. If no time remains for Kipling, Browning, or Charles Wagner, what matter? We shall at least not be called ignorant of literature.

EDITH LOUISE HODGE.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

ART

Barrington—George Frederick Watts. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. Macmillan. \$5.00.

In this comprehensive volume Mrs. Barrington has completed a personal biography of one of the greatest figures in English Victorian art. George Frederick Watts lived to attain an ideal that has set him apart from his fellow artists of the last quarter of a century, and Mrs. Barrington, herself a painter, was luckily his intimate friend for twenty-five years. She has drawn a character that she knew, giving to the public her understanding of the methods and influences that worked upon the painter-sculptor. She has described his principles of work and theories concerning the deterioration of paint, his ingenuity and pleasure in playing with his materials, his endeavors to grasp the spirit embodied in the Elgin marbles, and his connection with the Pre-Raphaelites. Watts did his best to produce on his canvas a suggestion of what is most vital in life, and so he avoided realistic finish to strike a balance between scientific and poetical truth. The book has been carefully illustrated with excellent half-tones on dull-colored mats. The choice of subjects tends more towards what was characteristic than what was best in the master's work.

Brown—William Hogarth. By G. Baldwin Brown. Scribner. \$1.25 net.

Such a book, treating the career of William Hogarth in relation to his satirical designs, his portraits, and his figure pieces in a manner at the same time popular and accurate, fills a distinct place in the history of British art. The volume possesses a number of well made half-tones of the artist's engravings and paintings. Unfortunately, the size of the page is not sufficient to permit of anything like adequate reproduction.

Bell—Drawings of Sir E. J. Poynter. By Malcolm Bell. Scribner. \$2.50 net.

This volume meets every demand that could be expected for the price. The carefully selected studies have been reproduced on plates adequate to give a proper understand-

ing of the originals. The one photogravure and the forty-six half-tones on which should be based the chief excellence of such a work are distinctly the best of their kind, alternating plain black with two-color printings on mats of dull brown, red, or green. Mr. Malcolm Bell has often shown his fitness to write introductions of the sort required here, and has done his best in this case with clearness and restraint. The book is uniform with others on Sir E. Burne-Jones, Rossetti, J. M. Swan, David Cox, and Menzel.

Caffin—How to Study Pictures. By Charles Henry Caffin. Century. \$2.00.

Mr. Caffin has long held rank as one of the best and most conservative of American art critics, so that here he is well fitted to speak of "how to study pictures by means of a series of comparisons of paintings and painters from Cimabue to Monet, with historical and biographical summaries and appreciations of the painters' motives and methods." In clear and simple English the author describes the general points of the history of painting from the time of the early Byzantine workers to the most modern of the French School. Mr. Caffin instructs the beginner in the first necessity—to see the painting through the eyes of the painter,—and leaves him with a strong base from which to make further investigations. Also space is given to a discussion as to the effect of racial and temporary conditions on the various movements, and as to how much of truth each movement contained. Twenty-eight double insets of full-page half-tone reproductions of paintings do their share towards forming the completeness of the work.

Hodgson and Eaton—The Royal Academy and its Members. 1768-1830. By J. E. Hodgson, R.A., and Fred. A. Eaton, M.A. Scribner. \$5.00 net.

Much of the material contained in this sixty-years' history of the Royal Academy and its members originally appeared in the *Art Journal*. Certain alterations and additions have been made, the changes that have taken place in the Constitution and Laws of the Academy since 1830 are noted throughout the volume, and the information contained in the

Appendices is completed to the end of the year 1904. All that treats of art in general and the art of the Academicians in particular, is by Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., Librarian and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, and Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., who took Mr. Hodgson's place at his death. Mr. Eaton is responsible for the editing of the work, the compilation of the Appendices, and all that deals with the history of the Royal Academy as an institution. There are short memoirs of the members, which do not pretend to be complete biographies, but rather interesting sketches made up of facts drawn from original sources. The first chapter contains an account of the founding of the Royal Academy, of early art in England, the first exhibition in England, and the first meeting of the Royal Academy. Then follow the short memoirs of its Presidents and Members, handsomely illustrated by portraits of Academicians, and engravings of Somerset House, an early home of the Academy, and an exhibition therein. The Appendices give lists of the R. A. Members from its foundation to the end of 1904, and of various other matters pertaining to the history of the Academy.

Mahler—Paintings of the Louvre. By Dr. Arthur Mahler. Doubleday, Page. \$2.00 net.

In the form of an illustrated handbook or catalogue the examples of the Italian and Spanish schools of painting now hanging in the Museum of the Louvre are discussed thoroughly and intelligently in their historical order. The text has been illustrated by one hundred and sixty-six half-tones, which, though well made, are too small for artistic purposes, and absolutely unneeded for identification of originals if the volume be used as a guide.

BELLES-LETTRES

Anonymous—Arcady in Troy. The Merry-mount Press. \$1.25

These extracts from two city papers, descriptive of a garden of one of its residents, seem hardly worth the permanent form given in this dainty and disappointing booklet. Mr. Warren has an interesting wild garden in Troy. The article on it in one of our out-door magazines, from which these papers are taken, should, one would think, have been enough.

Cooper—The Twentieth Century Child. By E. H. Cooper. Lane. \$1.50.

The author of this delightful book is a bachelor. For all the slurs cast on the child-training wisdom of bachelors and spinsters, they still remain the only unbiased critics, and their wisdom is to the wisdom of the harassed parent as the dispassionate judgment of a historian to the heated opinion of a combatant. Mr. Cooper's book is interesting reading irrespective of whether, in the matter of olive-branches, one abounds or suffers lack. It is rich in insight, sanity, a wise and sympathetic understanding of his delightful circle of juvenile acquaintance, among whom he seems to have been a privileged friend and

confidant, but there is no touch of the pedagogic. The children are treated as friends and fellow-mortals rather than classes or specimens for study. Mr. Cooper has known some exceedingly clever and entertaining youngsters, and he also holds the refreshing un-Froebelian belief that there are disagreeable children just as there are disagreeable grown-ups. Such subjects as Play, Prayers, The Sick Child, Punishment, and the like, are taken up, treated both with wisdom and charm. The whole book is blessedly free from any touch of the patronizing.

Hazlitt—Man Considered in Relation to God and a Church. By W. Carew Hazlitt. Reeves & Turner. \$2.50

A new, and to us an unexpected, venture of an author who has done some good work, with some less meritorious—his book on Shakespeare, for instance. His present purpose, he tells us, is "to reconcile the reputed facts about ourselves, our origin, and our prospects, with the testimony afforded by history, science, analogy, and instinct"; and this he attempts to do mainly by an elaborate attack upon Christianity and the Church. "All religions," indeed, he believes to be "absolutely human, mainly imaginative, and largely corrupt"; but the Church, while for a time "a wholesome agent in the promotion of literature and the arts," has "at no time helped forward real education" and is now "the greatest enemy to human progress and welfare." These brief extracts will sufficiently indicate the spirit and scope of the book, and may commend it to its own congenial public.

Wilder—The Sunny Side of the Street. By Marshall P. Wilder. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.20 net.

This book of anecdotes, observations relating to the humorous side of life, interesting bits of comment about well-known men, and witty chat concerning things in general, cannot fail to interest the many friends of the author. Mr. Wilder's writing is on a par with his speaking.

Zola—Selections from Émile Zola. By A. Guyot Cameron. Holt. 80 cents net.

This little text-book contains fourteen extracts of the writings of Zola, prefaced by a well-knit introduction describing the realist's place and work in French literature. Yearly greater care is being shown in the choice of matter to be presented to students of French, and this step in literary pedagogy has been taken in that proper direction. The choice made expresses Zola's mastery of style in his patriotic and sociological sides. His criticisms remain untouched, as the scope of his development therein reaches much too far for so small a volume.

BIOGRAPHY

Stephens—Letters from an Oregon Ranch. By L. G. Stephens. McClurg. \$1.25.

A breezy, rather likable book, manifestly an autobiographic account of a home-making

experience on an Oregon ranch. A first-hand knowledge of conditions is very evident. The book has crudities, an overfondness for rather well-worn quotations, but one readily forgives these for the buoyancy and blessed freedom from the pose of the seeker-after-adventure that he may subsequently write up.

Maitland—Joseph Joachim. By J. A. F. Maitland. Lane. \$1.00 net.

This is the sixth volume of the neat and compact series of "Living Masters of Music," and, like its predecessors, is a good specimen of condensed biography—a kind which is deservedly growing in favor in these days of a literary deluge so overwhelming to the general reader, and almost discouraging to the specialist who endeavors to be thoroughly familiar with his favorite field. It is tasteful in its typography, as the name of the publisher is ample assurance, and the illustrations include no less than five portraits of Joachim, from his boyhood in 1866 to his maturity of age and fame in 1904.

Hartshorne—Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain. Edited by Albert Hartshorne. Lane. \$4.00 net.

This volume of letters of a well-preferred divine exactly covers the period of the reign of George II. The writer, the Rev. Dr. Edmund Pyle, a Whig, was so situated as to be able to transmit to a fellow clergyman accurate and vital news of the political world of his day. He makes an unusual revelation of the scheming and jobbery in church ferment.

Herrick—Memoirs of an American Citizen. By Robert Herrick. Macmillan. \$1.50.

There is no doubt of the value of this book, considered as an historical document. A hundred years from now it will be able to supply some curious student with data as to the Chicago millionaire politician of to-day, and the data will be accurate, abundant, and reliable. But the book can scarcely be said to be of great interest to the reader of to-day, who is already saturated with a thousand such unlovely tales; and with the art of literature such a book as this has, it must be confessed, a very slight connection. A good many writers of the day have perceived sensational "copy" in the material Professor Herrick has chosen, and it is surely remarkable that not one of them has been able to convert his copy into a good novel. When a writer of genuine imagination undertakes to write the novel of money and politics, the result may be worth reading. Professor Herrick does not appear to have a powerful imagination, and his literalness, and even his unusual power of penetration, do not in themselves suffice to carry a story otherwise deficient.

FICTION

Anonymous—The Upton Letters. Putnam. \$1.25.

These letters, which are more in the nature of a diary, having little of the give-and-take

of correspondence, derive perhaps their chief interest from being, in effect, the Confessions of an English schoolmaster. We do not remember having ever read anything of this kind, the record of the subjective life of a man of great delicacy and idealism, honestly in love with his trying profession. It is an intimate narrative, but the intimacy is of a highly self-respecting sort, and the picture of the writer which the book leaves upon the reader's mind is very winning. The book impresses one as largely based on fact; in which case a certain set of schoolboys, somewhere, is to be congratulated.

Anonymous—Yourie Gardenin. Neal. \$1.50.

This Russian character study forms an ambitious attempt to imitate the much-talked-of recent Russian and German literature on sociological subjects.

Bain—A Digit of the Moon. By F. W. Bain. Putnam. \$1.50.

In the case of such charming love stories as the four this book contains, it makes little difference whether the tales are genuine translations from an old Hindu manuscript, as the author elaborately explains, or whether this is a graceful and charming hoax on his part. The fascination of the stories lies in their almost hypnotic slowness of movement, their lavish use of color, and the delicate mixture of wit and sentiment that animate them. The book holds throughout a distinct character and flavor, and is an agreeable departure from conventional fiction.

Cather—The Troll Garden. By Willa Sibert Cather. McClure. \$1.25.

There is real promise in these half-dozen stories—studies, in reality, of different phases of the artistic temperament. The extremes are shown in the striking "Sculptor's Funeral" and in "The Case of Paul"—a sympathetic study of one form of sin to which "temperament" is liable. Doubtless the best of the group is the opening story—"Flavia and Her Artists," which is good—very good. With Flavia's type we are, alas, familiar: she is of the race of climbing, would-be social powers that prey upon genius, as intent and skilful in her chosen field as a Wall Street broker on stocks or a good bird dog on the quarry. Clever, exceedingly clever in exhibiting herself clad in a kind of appliqué culture—impressions obtained at second hand, but with no more capacity for fellowship, no more community of feeling with a true artist than a hen has with a skylark. Utterly different, but pathetically true to life, is the "Wagner Matinée."

Miss Cather has sincerity, and no small degree of insight. In fact when she writes her novel one may venture to predict it will be far too good to be among the "best sellers" of the month.

Dicksberry—The Storm of London. By H. Dicksberry. Turner. \$1.50.

An elaborate and tiresome extravaganza, in which the author handles the idea of an un-

clothed society with cumbrous and offensive satire. There is enough ability in the book to suggest that the writer might do something better.

De la Pasture—Peter's Mother. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Dutton. \$1.50.

It is surprising that it should ever have occurred to an author to write a book about Peter's mother. Peter himself, unattractive as he was, offered much more promising material.

Fox—A Child of the Shore. By Middleton Fox. Lane. \$1.50.

A romance of Cornwall, in which a not unskillful use is made of the melancholy and unhuman legends of a certain "river of dreams." The heroine is a changeling, and the other elements of the story are those peculiar to a "haunted, necromantic land." Indeed, as a whole, the book is undoubtedly more interesting as folklore than as a novel. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that material of such unusual possibilities should have been squandered in a "first book," for as yet the writer's equipment is lacking in dramatic force.

Forman—The Island of Enchantment. By Justus Miles Forman. Harper. \$1.75.

The author has produced here a story of adventure in Venice at its prime, told with gentle and straightforward English that must surely charm. The very simplicity and directness of the plot and prose give the volume its chief character. Four illustrations by Howard Pyle, a master of his art, add to the charm of the text.

Francis—Dorset Dear. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Longmans, Green. \$1.50.

The Dorset peasants are humorous, pathetic, and quaint, and these stories about them are pleasant reading, showing many sides of their human peasant nature.

Haggard—Ayesha. By H. Rider Haggard. Doubleday, Page. \$1.50.

To those in whom the charm of "She" has ripened with years of memory this sequel will at first seem a barren attempt to conclude what should have been left untouched. Yet taken on its merits "Ayesha" is probably a book stronger and better than its original. Understanding of the geography of Africa and discussions of the mysteries of Eastern religions have spread widely of late years, so, to replace the veil of obscurity so willingly accepted by the readers of the first volume, the author has been forced to new fields and to greater elaboration in the second. Yet here, as before, the old mist has fallen; and if the reader will lay aside doubt and scepticism for the old ready belief, he cannot fail to feel again the old pleasure, the old interests, and the old thrills.

Hutchinson—Two Moods of a Man. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Putnam. \$1.50.

Are the "two moods" of George Hood, in the first of which he married a gypsy, and in the second a more or less conventional American woman, symbolical? It is an interesting story, and in its essence doubtless a true one, that of the unfortunate little group to whom one man's uncertain temperament brought tragedy. The book is written with a simple distinction, and is filled with suggestive and quotable passages. An unusual character study.

Lewis—The Sunset Trail. By Arthur Henry Lewis. Barnes. \$1.50.

These loosely connected sketches present the cowboy in his preferred habitat. Some of the incidents are amusing. There is the fantastic sense of honor enforced, of course, by the well-known revolver, responsive as a lute to its owner's feelings. The book is not compelling in interest; one wearies somewhat of "Mr. Masterson's" prowess and of the author's admiration for this hero, yet it presents an accurate picture of a phase of Western life.

The ranchman and herder of Mr. Lewis's "Trail" belong already to a past phase. The day of the agriculturist is rapidly coming on. While one may regret the loss of the cowboy's picturesqueness, it is no small gain to have the brutality of the cheerful and enthusiastic buffalo-killing, which here seems a joy unspotted, become a thing of the past.

Lloyd—Mrs. Radigan. By Nelson A. Lloyd. Scribner. \$1.00 net.

Mrs. Radigan's gaudily colored cloak of exaggeration does not hide her humanity; she breathes in spite of it. She blunders and leaps from chapter to chapter with a spirit which makes one wonder if the author did not find as much fun in the writing as you and I in the reading of her. Mr. Lloyd has a gift of gentle irony, seldom found among our younger writers, which lets the reader laugh with him instead of at him. The book is satire, but satire gracious and amusing; not of the bitter and irritating type, which sends so many flings at society into the cloister of the books which are never read. The thread of the story is thin to the point of breaking, and at the close of one chapter it would never do to look in the next for a dénouement. Sally Radigan's sister, Pearl Veal, does marry the real-estate agent, who chronicles her assault on the social breastworks, and that in spite of a duke, whose leaky roofs she finally refuses to mend; but that is all. The rest is merely a good-natured grin at Knickerbocker society, with most of the incidents founded on fact. But Mrs. Radigan was enough. J. Madison Mudison with his memoirs seems too consciously seeking to haul the Radigan chapters to his level, which makes the fact that he is a drag to them all the more to be regretted. But the book is sprightly and clever without being over- clever, and it is written by one who knows his ground. Probably a large percentage of New York's clubmen are grinning over character creations of which they imagine themselves the inspiration.

Loomis—Minerva's Manceuvres. By Charles Battell Loomis. Barnes. \$1.50.

The adventures of Minerva, the coerced cook in the land where the bullfrogs make "dem moanin's in de grass," should form pleasant reading to the possessor of a truly successful summer servant or to the man who has at last safely returned with his charge to his flat. The average mortal likes most what he knows most, and he will find that he knows much of the character of the troubles to be brought by such a domestic as the one at Clover Lodge.

Seton—Wood-Myth and Fable. By Ernest Thompson-Seton. Century. \$1.25.

In frankly giving the name "Wood-Myth and Fable" to this charming little book, Mr. Seton has raised, as it were, a stout umbrella against the downpour of scientific wrath which more than once has descended upon his head. The adventuring in natural history or in any other kind of history where the writer owns an artistic temperament and a talent for fiction is a hazardous proceeding—so far as "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" is concerned, however entertaining the result. This book, however, is avowedly fiction and Mr. Seton's porcupines and antelopes may discourse as intelligently as Lewis Carroll's walrus or Marjory Fleming's calm-browed turkey, and no one has a right to cavil.

Barring a few fables which relate to the world of men and women and trolley-cars, which are not so happy, this little book is delightful, from the group of *dramatis personæ* perched on the contents page to the tail-piece. One would like to quote "How the Giraffe Became," "How the Chestnut Burrs Became," and other informing chapters. The bits of verse one chances on here and there are, it is true, a trifle commonplace in expression; but in the "Seasons at Chaska Water," though ostensibly prose, Mr. Seton has written something very like real poetry. That rare, subtle, definite yet indefinable joyous, heart-lifting sense of the coming new life of the springtime which is a feeling and a perception rather than an apprehension—this Mr. Seton has never caught better than in the "Awakening on Chaska Water."

Shute—Real Boys. By Henry A. Shute. Dillingham. \$1.25.

Stories of real boys have received such a deserved reputation for coarseness that it is a pleasure to announce such a book written in a sane and healthy tone. The matter is but a variation on the old topics, while the manner has no startling touch of brilliancy; but the adventures of Pluppy and his friends cannot fail to make comfortable reading.

Wells—Kippis. By H. G. Wells. Scribner. \$1.50.

At last the author has turned to more humorous paths in this story of the lowly folk of Kent and London. Yet he does not fall to trivialities but deals with his subject in

a strong, broad manner, intensified by his understanding of such details of life as the minor incidents of retail trade.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL

De Wollant—The Land of the Rising Sun. By Gregorie De Wollant. Neale. \$1.50.

A book on the history and topography, manners and customs, art and literature, economical and financial condition, internal and foreign policy, etc., of Japan, by a Russian personally familiar with the country. While he evidently aims to be accurate and impartial, his observations and opinions are naturally colored by his nationality, but we nevertheless find the book very interesting. It is translated by himself, with the assistance of his wife, and though the English is on the whole better than that of most renderings of Russian literature into the vernacular, the reader will note peculiar words and constructions here and there—like "descendence" for "descent" (lineal), "propose counsel" for "offer advice," "pilfer people" for rob or swindle them, the colloquial "in no time" for quickly, "pictures like one finds in European galleries," etc. In the closing chapters, apparently written at the beginning of the present war, the author predicts that the conflict can only be "disastrous for Japan," whether she is victor or vanquished, and his final words are that "we are contemplating the first act of the struggle of Asia against the European spirit."

Hulbert—Historic Highways of America. By Archer B. Hulbert. Vol. X. Clark. \$2.50 net.

This volume is entirely devoted to the famous Cumberland Road, our first great national highway; and, in addition to the history of its building, operation, and control, contains much curious and entertaining matter connected with the stage-coaches and the taverns and tavern life of former days.

Hulbert—Historic Highways of America. Vol. XIV. By Archer B. Hulbert. Clark. \$2.50 net.

The present issue of this important work is Vol. II. of "The Great American Canals." It is entirely devoted to the Erie Canal, giving all the facts connected with its early promoters and their dreams; the planning, building, and opening; the local influences of the canal; and the recent plans for its enlargement. The book is illustrated with maps of the canal as it is and as it is to be, with views showing some of the locks and other features of the waterway.

Lee—The Enchanted Woods. By Vernon Lee. Lane. \$1.25.

Vernon Lee's sensitive, delicately chiselled English is a delight to the mind's ear irrespective of what she chooses to write about. The present volume, a green, thickish book,

attractive in print and paper, is made up of some thirty brief essays, records of wanderings, chiefly in France and Italy; now one is in Compiègne and the Fontainebleau forests, now among Shelley's mystical Eugeanean hills or Dante's Arles; one has glimpses of out-of-the-way villages, of Tuscan churches in summer-time, of the Ilex woods of Umbria and their anchorites, a sight of Jean Jacques's "Les Charmettes," undisturbed these many years. All of the little sketches are vivid, for there is that deftness of touch, fineness of perception, which have always characterized Vernon Lee's work; there is, too, the gift in writing of the out-of-door world, of "catching for a moment the powers at play" which makes real the wood and field, the vineyards on sunny slopes, heaps of drying prunes, the olive trees faint and gray, and the brooks in the deep brown shadows. The *genius loci* is a shadowy, elusive deity, but an intimate of Vernon Lee's.

There is also in the book, besides its charm, a sympathetic insight into the past, born of wide and intimate knowledge, a sanity, a clearness of vision and perspective, all of which make the author a delightful companion.

Macquoid—Pictures in Umbria. By Katherine S. Macquoid. Scribner. \$1.50 net.

Mr. and Mrs. Macquoid have rambled sympathetically through Umbria and made a charming medley of history, art, and nature from some of its Hill-cities. There seems to be always room for one more book about Italy or a part of Italy, and this one is neither too historic nor too artistic to suit many tastes.

Smith—Parisians Out-of-Doors. By F. Berkeley Smith. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.50.

This volume completes a trilogy of books on Paris life with the author's "The Real Latin Quarter" and "How Paris Amuses Itself." Mr. Smith knows his Parisian intimately; a difficult task frequently omitted by the producers of this kind of literature. Moreover, he shows an absence of dictatorialness, a humor, and a modesty that make his volume most entertaining reading.

Ward—The Canterbury Pilgrimages. By H. Snowden Ward. Lippincott. \$1.75.

To many to whom Canterbury Pilgrims mean only Chaucer and the charm of his work, Mr. Ward's fragment of historical tragedy will be of marked interest. The causes of the murder of Thomas à Becket in his cathedral by men of the court of King Henry II., with the miracles performed by the holy blood of the archbishop, have been vividly recounted. In addition the author speaks, at length, of King Henry's pilgrimage of remorse, of Chaucer and his companions, and of the rise and fall of the cult of St. Thomas at Canterbury. The interesting text has been improved by many illustrations of churches, shrines, relics, and sketches of the "pilgrims' way," as well as several maps showing their most popular routes.

Williams—The Handbook of Princeton. By John Rogers Williams. The Grafton Press. \$1.50 net.

Every friend of the charm and character of the town of Princeton must find pleasure in the possession of history of the University, with its grounds and buildings and undergraduate life.

Willis—Our Philippine Problem. By Henry Parker Willis. Holt. \$1.50 net.

This volume contains a frank discussion of the actual working of our colonial administration based on the author's personal investigations in the Philippines. Only so much history has been given as seems necessary to the understanding of the present questions. The author devotes a greater part of his space to a discussion of such topics as The Philippine Civil Service, Local Government, The Legal and Judicial System, The Constabulary, Education and Social Conditions, The Business Situation, Agricultural Conditions, and the like.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bailey—The Outlook to Nature. By L. H. Bailey. Macmillan. \$1.25.

An eloquent plea for a return to nature is made in these four lectures, delivered, originally in Boston, under the auspices of the Education Committee of the Twentieth Century Club. Not so much to the nature of the popular "Nature books," many of which he considers unrepresentative of nature, as to the nature of what he calls the "common-place," the things that are all round us, and the natural life. Some of the passages are delightful; his opinions on "weather" will make the coming winter easier to all who will adopt them. Nor is it a one-sided view of life that is presented. Cities and their uses are considered and acknowledged, but no less does the farmer get his share of appreciation of his importance in the life of the world. The author's views on libraries and museums are original and interesting, and poets and naturalists go not unnoticed. "I doubt whether a man can be a poet if he has not known the sunrise." "The best naturalists do not write," he says. "The School of the Future" is the subject of one lecture, in which full justice is done to the worth of a classical education and the necessity of teaching the practical and scientific subjects, and the value of manual training insisted on also. The last lecture is on "Evolution and The Quest of Truth." The book is animated by a sincere and enthusiastic love of nature, and a desire to draw others to the same appreciation of what is free to us all.

Harcourt—Good Form for Men. By Charles Harcourt. Winston. \$1.00.

As a rule, "a guide to conduct and dress on all occasions" is a dangerous proposition to author and reader. But in the present instance the writer saves his day with an unaccustomed sanity. What he says as a rule is to the point and unexaggerated, though here

and there he offers suggestions of the doubtful practicability of that of requiring an hour and a half in which to dress.

Peckham—Wasps, Social and Solitary. By Geo. W. and Elisabeth Peckham. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.50

Rarely are painstaking scientific observations and readableness so met together as in this wholly delightful study of the Wasp. The busy bee of Dr. Watt's panegyric, the useful ant of Solomon and Oliver Herford must yield to the industry and exceeding cleverness of Professor Peckham's wasps. There is the tool-using *Ammophila*, who takes a pebble in her mandibles, precisely as we humans would take a hammer, to pound down the entrance to her nest. The account of the sense of direction, apparently not so much a blind instinct, as an effort of memory, of the surgical nicety with which she neatly paralyzes the caterpillar victim sacrificed on the altar of maternal affection, of the varying degrees of intelligence and artistic instinct in different individuals—all this is exceedingly fascinating. One quite agrees with John Burroughs's estimate: "The most charming monograph in any department of our natural history that I have read in many a year."

While exceedingly pleasant reading, the book is in no sense "written down" to its audience, nor popularized in the sense of being diluted to superficiality.

Peet—Trees and Shrubs of Central Park. By Louis Harman Peet. Manhattan Press. \$2.00.

The aim of this book is to enable the city nature lover to identify the trees and shrubs in the Park. To this end there are numerous maps of sections of the grounds with the principal trees and shrubs indicated by dots, numbered to correspond with the numbers on the lists of common and botanical names placed after the maps. The illustrations and descriptive text assist in the identification of the objects, and an instructive stroll in Central Park can be made in company with this book.

Powell—Orchard and Fruit Garden. By E. P. Powell. McClure, Phillips. \$1.50 net.

A book on fruit-growing, chiefly in relation to the needs of the home orchard. Experts may here and there find something to ques-

tion in the author's pomology, but the fact remains,—a fact which commends itself to the bewildered amateur—that Mr. Powell has been for years a successful fruit-grower, and this with but a few acres of land at his disposal.

Aside from giving the best varieties of fruits, methods of cultivation, and the like, the author gives much information on such subjects as wind-breaks, the office of birds and bees in the orchard, hints on storing fruit, marketing fruit, and many little details which writers are apt to consider unimportant, but which have much to do with success or disappointment. It is a good book for the seeker after country living.

Slater—How to Collect Books. By J. H. Slater. Macmillan. \$2.00.

Here you may learn at once the seven quarto and nine octavo sizes of books, the history of the water-mark, and the date of the first volume with numbered leaves. The author understands his history of book-making, and for a beginner the knowledge contained in the volume may be of great assistance. Yet "How-to's" as a rule form rather dangerous short cuts to thorough learning, which it is well to bear in mind when reading Mr. Slater's pages.

POETRY AND VERSE

Savage—America to England, and Other Poems. By Minot J. Savage. Putnam.

In his witty preface Dr. Savage refers to his habit of rhyming ever since he was seven years old, to his former books of poems and hymns, and to Hood's "three grades of this kind of work: 1st, Poetry; 2d, Verse; 3d, Worse." He fears that he himself has written "a large quantity of 'worse,'" but ventures to hope that he has written "at least a little poetry"; and his thousands of personal friends, with many who may first become acquainted with him in this selection from his former publication of verse in his books and periodicals, will assuredly admit this modest assumption. The poem that gives the title to the book (read at a banquet given to Ambassador Reid on the eve of his departure for England) is by no means the best thing in the collection, and the same may be said of other poems for special occasions—but this is true of similar work by poets of the first class.

(For list of Books Received see the third page following.)

